THE DICKENSIAN

AUTUMN NUMBER

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WHEN FOUND—

The Gullible Press. My remarks in the last number have been taken up by a writer in the "World's Press News," "Why the Dickens don't they check?" he asks. It is surely a reflection on the capacity of the sub-editors that any rubbish about Dickens seems to find a place in the press of to-day, much restricted as it is. There have lately been many erroneous stories about the young ladies' school at Bury St. Edmunds that could easily have been checked by reference to *Pickwick* itself; and in more than one West Country newspaper a couple of columns have appeared concerning the Dickens interest in Maclise's painting of "The Girl at the Waterfall"—and giving not by any means the correct account of the manner in which Dickens became the purchaser of the painting now in the Forster Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum. "The old journalistic rule, 'Verify your information,' seems out of date," comments the writer in the "World's Press News."

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The Chestertons—A Correction. I have only just read "The Chestertons," by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, published by Chapman and Hall in 1941. In the pages containing an account of the famous Drood Trial of 1914, when G.K.C. was the Judge, Cecil the Counsel for the Defence, and the lady who later became Mrs. Cecil Chesterton took the part of the old opium woman, there are several errors, and these errors should be corrected without delay.

It is stated that some of the descendants of the Dickens family were in straightened circumstances, "money was wanted to help them, and presently the bright idea occurred that funds could be raised and entertainment provided" by staging a mock trial of John Jasper for the murder of Edwin Drood. "The Fellowship was alight at the suggestion; meetings were held and the cast debated."

All this is quite wrong; it might convey the impression that the "bright idea" emanated from the fertile brain of one or other of the Chesterton brothers; but it was not so; the idea originated in the summer of 1913 with Frederick T. Harry. Far from the Fellowship being "alight at the suggestion," it was the Chestertons who were thus consumed when the Fellowship took up Harry's idea.

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The Facts about the Drood Trial. Here are the facts: The Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Company, of which I was the Hon. Secretary, had finished a very successful week of "Oliver Twist" at the Broadway Theatre, and had booked their next production, "Barnaby Rudge," with Mr. Bransby Williams in the name part, for some nine months head. Usually we played about Christmas time. One evening late in 1913, after a Council Meeting, Matz, Harry (our producer), and I had, according to our custom, adjourned for refreshment and chat to a little bar hard by Charing Cross Station. The conversation turned on the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Edwin Drood which was just then troubling the public mind. "Why not try Jasper for murder?" Harry suddenly suggested. "With Chesterton as the judge," added Matz; Cuming Walters as Counsel for the prosecution was the next very natural suggestion; and, of course, Harry was at once named for the prisoner at the bar. Harry

was an analytical chemist, and not "that good looking actor" as Mrs Chesterton states; although he was certainly a good-looking fellow—and an excellent amateur actor too; but he was a far better "producer." Matz was detailed to see G.K. and I to book a suitable hall in a central position; in a few days Matz was able to report that G.K. was delighted with the proposal, and that his brother Cecil would act as Counsel for the defence.

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Entirely Unrehearsed. Mrs. Chesterton goes on to tell her readers "there were rehearsals all over the place, where we could get the company together . . . We all took the fun seriously." This again is wrong. There were *no* rehearsals; there couldn't be; the Trial was to be conducted on strictly genuine lines as if it were a real action in a real Criminal Court, for which, of course, a *rehearsal* would be unheard of. As Princess Puffer, one of the witnesses for the defence, Mrs. Chesterton may well have had "rehearsals" with the defending counsel; but there was never any assemblage of the complete cast as there was no written script for the Trial, and only the roughest possible run-through the night before by some of the company to settle respective positions in Court.

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Finally. The proceeds were not devoted to certain of the descendants of Dickens, the fund for which had been closed some two years before. All the profits were assigned to the Dickens Fellowship charities.

I can only hope that the remainder of Mrs. Chesterton's book is better documented than her account of the portion I have dealt with. Memory, unless reinforced, "plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven, as makes the angels weep."

* * * * *

Good Instruction. Mr. Denis Thompson, of King William's College, Isle of Man, sends me a copy of the thirty-eighth issue of a general knowledge paper. He compiles a similar one each Christmas. "My difficulty," he writes, "is always to keep Dickens out of it, like King Charles's head; but the miracle of Dickens is that he fits into every aspect and question, and I have done well this year to limit him to seven items, thus avoiding the boys' usual criticism, 'It's not a general knowledge paper—it's a general Dickens paper'." The paper is divided into 17 sections, with ten or a dozen questions under each heading, "Who said," "Who travelled" ("in a harm cheer in a shay cart"; "on a baggage waggon, when not washing greens"), "Tigers"—("What Tigg had his Tiger?"), etc. Those of his pupils who later enter the journalistic world will have reason to thank Mr. Thompson for his excellent preparation to avoid the pitfalls already referred to in these notes.

* * * * *

The Favourite Child. *David Copperfield* is the book for the season now commencing. Mr. T. W. Hill's notes on the book should prove of more than usual interest. As a novelty, I am able to reproduce opposite, from an original in my possession, a copy of one of the advertisements announcing the publication in monthly numbers.

* * * * *

How Crummles played. Our old friend Mr. Frank Staff recently rescued from a salvage heap the script of the burlesque printed on page 183. He tells me that on re-reading it after a lapse of many years he still thinks it very funny, "but not one half so funny," he adds, "as the actual rehearsal of the Rehearsal when we did it as a 'floor show' long ago at one of the

London Christmas parties." Mr. Staff hopes many branches will stage this sketch ; he does not ask any fee. No scenery is required ; and no stage either. Professional companies of the Crummles type rehearse anywhere ; on a train, in their own " digs," in public houses —anywhere, he tells me. He recalls that once he rehearsed a duel in a railway carriage !

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1849.

Name this Ship. Following the Dickens names given to barrage balloons, comes information that for some of the ships under construction names of Dickens characters have been chosen. Copperfield, Dorrit, Chuzzlewit, Peggotty, Pickwick, and

Tapley are mentioned as already selected. As ships are mostly "Shes," we hope Dora will be prefixed to Copperfield, Little to Dorrit, and Clara to Peggotty. Tapley must, of course, be Jolly. Additions will doubtless be made. We cannot imagine better names for our gallant fleet than Betsey Trotwood, Susan Nipper, Fanny Squeers, Sally Brass, and Bella Wilfer. All sound well, and have meaning in them.

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Later Dickens Illustrators. During June the Fine Art Department of the Edinburgh Public Library held an exhibition of pictures illustrating the works of Dickens. There were nearly one hundred exhibits, and the artists included Cecil Aldin, Frank Reynolds, Albert Ludovici, and J. Clayton Clarke ("Kyd"). "Such an exhibition as this," said the "Edinburgh Evening News," "is something to be thankful for. It transports us to another world, where the sound of the motor or the aeroplane is never heard . . . a quiet half-hour spent with these pictures is almost as good as a summer holiday . . . Step into this quiet corner, and you will be refreshed and calmed."

* * * * *

The Only Way. My notice in the Winter Number of the publication of this famous play has brought me a most interesting letter from Miss E. C. Smyth, a former President of the Wellington (N.Z.) Branch. She was living in London when the play was first produced, and being an ardent theatre-goer, she kept her programmes and endorsed each with the date on which she witnessed the performance. The article gave her an excuse for a fascinating hour or two looking through her collection, she tells me. She saw "The Only Way" at the Lyceum Theatre on 18th March, 1899, and her programme states that the play was produced on 16th February, 1899. She saw the play again on 26th May, 1899, this time at the Prince of Wales Theatre, when it celebrated its hundredth performance by presenting each member of the audience with a souvenir book of scenes and characters. This again stated that the play had its first production at the Lyceum as above mentioned. I also have a copy of this souvenir in my possession, so it is evident the leather bound copy of the novel containing a programme, printed in two colours, headed Prince of Wales Theatre, with the date at foot, Thursday, February 16th, 1899, must have been specially printed for some other, and at present unknown purpose. One thing is known quite certain, the play was first produced at the Lyceum Theatre.

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Thanks to Boston, Mass. We are happy to acknowledge with grateful thanks a donation by the Boston Branch of £13 8*s.* 0*d.* to the general funds of this magazine. Boston was the first branch of the Fellowship to include a copy of *The Dickensian* in the subscription. It is most gratifying to know that a branch which has supported the Fellowship's publication so well for more than twenty years still holds it in such high regard. We do not intend to let them down!

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More Words of Cheer. The Auckland Branch is another very staunch supporter of *The Dickensian*; it also adopted the "inclusive subscription" long before the rule made it obligatory for new branches to do so. We have received from the Secretary a very welcome letter conveying a resolution passed at their annual meeting congratulating my staff and myself on our excellent work. We return our most grateful thanks, and are happy to learn that in spite of the long and perilous journey made by the magazine each quarter, not one copy has gone astray.

WALTER DEXTER.

"TAKE THE HOUSE-TOPS OFF"

By M. K. BRADBY

IN a passage in *Dombey and Son* (Chap. 47) Dickens tried to open the eyes of his readers to the horrors of the slums. The subject had nothing to do with Dombey, but people were frightened by the cholera, and might be in a mood to listen; so he dragged it in. They would not believe the good clergyman and doctor, he said, but perhaps they would believe him. "Oh for a good spirit who would take the house-tops off, and show a Christian people what dark shapes issue from amidst their homes to swell the retinue of the Destroying Angel as he moves forth among them!"

Nearly a hundred years later that vision was fulfilled. Another Destroying Angel moved forth amongst us, as Hitler's bombs rained fire upon our cities. And who knows but that it was a good spirit that guided some of these to take the house-tops off, and show a Christian people the meaning of "home" to many of our slum-dwellers, and what dark shapes issued from their midst, as they fled for refuge to the homes of their country neighbours?

The village folk had been prepared to receive them and were well disposed, but they soon found them impossible to deal with. The townswomen were dirty in person and habit, ignorant, incapable, verminous, idle, extravagant, foul-mouthed, abusive, drunken, and all the rest of it; the children were to match. This had not been anticipated. The good clergyman and doctor were still not believed. Verminous cottages had not been selected to receive verminous town-dwellers, though any Country Holiday Fund visitor could have told them this would be necessary. The people from Tom-All-Alone's were planted on the Peggottys. "Complaints arose from all quarters in a volume amounting to an outcry."

The Women's Institutes were the first to move. They asked that measures should be taken to heal the national disgrace. A committee was formed of competent women connected with the "Women's Group on Public Welfare," and this Report* is their work—and an excellent work it is, which every Dickensian should read and pass on. This committee examined the complaints, and found them substantiated; enquired into the causes of such gross misbehaviour, and found them to be glaring, but remediable, defects in living conditions (chiefly the overcrowded and insanitary state of the people's homes and schools, the failure to implement Dickens's Five Point Charter of 1854). They make recommendations which Miss Coutts herself might have made, with Dickens to help her, had she lived to-day. If we were granted but one night's view of what was going on in the dwellings of the poor, said Dickens, we should reform them. So Miss Bondfield, introducing the Report, hopes it will be the last of its kind. "A high sanitary standard for both home and person must be made possible for all."

God bless her! What can Dickensians do to help? There are ways in which everyone can help. Let me notice some of them.

First, there is the way of the Good Samaritan; of Dickens himself, not seldom; of Allan Woodcourt and Esther Summerson. Miss Maynard, of Quedley Hospital, Haslemere, who figures in Appendix XII, is evidently one of this group, a person with a compassionate heart and imaginative sympathy. Such a one does not shrink from poor Jo and his kindred to-day, as did Lady Dedlock, but acts the neighbour to them, rids their heads of nits, cures their bed-wetting, supplements their laundry, realises that the drunkards amongst them

* Our Towns. A Close-Up." 1939-42.— Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.

have their feelings like other people ; and is altogether less shocked at their lack of refinement, and more shocked at the accepted arrangements which compelled even Miss Octavia Hill's tenants to live with bugs, and which hand over to hard-hearted money-grubbing owners of property, and employers of labour, who care for nothing at all but their personal prestige and their pockets, the supremely important duty of supplying homes. I have known Sir Leicester Dedlock and Mr. Bounderby and Grandfather Smallweed, and other maleficent types awaiting a new Dickens to take them off, all join together on a local governing body to defeat the plans of the Government for improving the dwellings of the poor.

And they did defeat them too ; which brings me to the second way of helping. By getting on to local government bodies, and inducing other good people to join them. The recommendations embodied in this Report demand honest and enlightened local authorities to carry them out. But at present, good people are not elected if they stand, because the ordinary working man and his family cannot afford to offend the existing clique who manage local affairs. The labourer who goes against them may lose his job or his cottage or his credit with the shopkeeper. They share the spoils.

Thirdly, then, it follows that we can help better housing for the poor by backing up the Beveridge plan, and its sequel, the right to work. If you give the labourer social security (or economic independence, as it used to be called), you will make it possible for him to do what Dickens was always urging him to do, to ask for better living conditions, and worry the authorities till he gets them.

Fourthly, we can encourage everyone we come across who is moving in the direction of progress, not wait till we meet with perfection. There are people who cannot act the Good Samaritan, but who can run committees for studying the fallen-by-the-wayside-problem ; such study is indispensable. Dickens was a stalwart ally, not a mirth-provoking critic, of those much-hated Board of Health magnates, Chadwick, who stood for ruthless efficiency, and Southwood Smith, who had Bentham's dead body sitting with him in his study. Dickens pulled *with* Miss Martineau, not against her, whenever he could, and beguiled her genius for story-telling into showing plainly what bad housing means in terms of health and happiness. He never made fun of her anti-God campaign, nor of Lord Shaftesbury's Sabbatarianism, tempting as they must have been.

Fifthly, we can help by being eager, as Dickens was, to welcome new ideas, new inventions, new approaches to old problems, such as the Beveridge plan, and the Clapham Health Centre's new science of Homoculture. Made wise by the past, we turn our eyes hopefully to the future.

Lastly, we can go deeper than does this Report, and ask what are the vested interests which perpetuate the slums, and how can they best be dealt with. How can local governing bodies be made to enforce their own bye-laws ? Dickens had a way of looking a vested interest straight in the face. He would have called murder murder, and demanded its prevention, although Esther Summerson had her money invested in a Murder Company Ltd., or Daniel Peggotty would lose every penny of his savings if that company came to grief.

This opens out an interesting speculation of a kind Dickens liked. Let us look round for agencies (individuals or groups) which have a pecuniary interest in murder, the murder of body, mind or spirit (or of all three or of any two of them), and let us see how their influence can best be counteracted. From this point of view the recommendations in the Report are very good.

A DOUBLE CENTENARY

By J. H. McNULTY

THE present year is marked by the centenaries of two of Dickens's books. On January 2nd, 1843, the first number of *Martin Chuzzlewit* appeared; *A Christmas Carol* was published in December of the same year, a few days before Christmas. This year may thus fittingly be considered his *annus mirabilis*.

Despite very great differences in size, style and method the books have much in common, and are linked together in many ways. It was the disappointment at the reception of *Martin Chuzzlewit* which caused the *Carol* to be written. This failure, though only temporary, was taken very seriously both by Dickens and his publishers. Yet rarely has a failure been so fortunate, for the writing of the *Carol*, the direct result of the failure, added immensely to the author's reputation, and is one more instance of the truth expressed by Shakespeare "So gain we profit by losing of our prayers."

Martin Chuzzlewit is one of the great books of the world: its subject, hypocrisy, the vice which disguises itself as virtue and selfishness, the all but universal failing; its remedy, laughter and ridicule for the vice; and pictures of the beauty of the opposite virtues of sincerity and self-sacrifice. All this is done with immense spirit and gusto; there is nothing in Dickens superior to the scenes at Todgers's, or the meeting of the legacy hunting relatives at Pecksniff's, and few books, if any, have descriptions as beautiful as the late autumn landscape at the opening of the story, or as impressive as the dark stormy night when Martin sailed for America.

The *Carol* is inescapable; even the entirely illiterate can hardly fail to known something about it, for it is read publicly, recited, and acted in parts many times each year. The firm of Scrooge and Marley is as well-known as the Bank of England, Bob Cratchit is the perfect example of the underpaid clerk, and everybody knows that "Marley was dead," and that "Tiny Tim did not die."

The subject of both books is selfishness; in one the selfishness is spread through a whole family; in the other it is chiefly concentrated in one person.

There is a conversion in each, but the conversion of old Martin, brought about by a more or less natural method, is less convincing than that of Scrooge produced by the visits of the three Spirits.

As *Martin Chuzzlewit* is the first novel written after the author's powers had reached maturity, so the *Carol* is the first of all the Christmas books and stories.

One great difference must be noted in the nature of the two chief characters. Scrooge is a far better man than Pecksniff. Pecksniff is a perfect humbug. Scrooge, though he loves the word, is not. There is no pretension about him; he is as open, downright and sincere in his selfishness as in his later generosity. Pecksniff, in his pretended piety, is often extremely, though unintentionally, funny. Scrooge is never funny, but he has a pungent and biting wit and is an excellent conversationalist. His dialogue with Marley's Ghost could not be bettered and contrasts favourably with another famous dialogue, that between Hamlet and his father's ghost, where Hamlet's mixture of respect and flippancy cannot be easily defended.

Of *Martin Chuzzlewit* Dickens wrote, "You know that I think *Chuzzlewit* is a hundred points immeasurably the best of my stories," and few would dispute that it was his best up to that time. In a modest foreword to the *Carol* he wrote, "I have endeavoured in this ghostly little book to raise the Ghost of an Idea, which shall not put

my readers out of humour with themselves, with each other, with the season, or with me." Had he written a postscript he might have used the words of Albrecht Dürer, "Sir, it cannot be better done," for the *Carol* is a perfect Christmas story and a true one. It is far more than the words of Dickens suggest. It is, indeed, the story of everyone's experience; to each, or at least to most of us, the Spirits pay their annual visit. Memories of the past come to us on Christmas Eve, memories of the vanished years, half-forgotten faces and lost happiness.

> "... this is truth the poet sings
> That a sorrow's crowning sorrow is remembering happier things."

The past grows bright, brighter, perhaps, than it really was, and makes the present darker and poorer by contrast.

The Second Spirit tells us of present duties and that his special gift is joy, and to welcome him is the best way of obtaining it.

We cannot help viewing the dark and silent spirit of the Future with some misgiving and apprehension, but he will be robbed of most of his terrors if we treat his elder brothers well, and for our comfort it is well to remember that the gloomy menacing spirit is the only one who is explained away and is nothing more terrible than a bedpost.

There are smaller matters of detail where the two books approach each other and meet, where Dickens shows his love of things not always considered subjects for admiration—fog, for example. When Pecksniff went to Todgers's there was a dense fog and London looked "as if it were a city in the clouds." On Christmas Eve, when "Scrooge sat busy in his counting house ... the fog was so dense that although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms." Here the fog has a triple purpose—as a background for Scrooge's visitors, his nephew and the portly gentlemen who appeared in the office out of the surrounding darkness; as a contrast to the brilliant sunshine and frost of Christmas Day; and as a fitting prelude to the appearance of Marley's Ghost. The darkness heralds the coming of the phantom as the moonless, starless night preceded Macbeth's vision of the dagger.

In *Our Mutual Friend* there is another description of a London fog when Riah called on Fledgeby—"at about the boundary line it was dark yellow, and a little within it brown, and then browner, and then browner until at the heart of the City—which call St. Mary Axe—it was rusty black."

Bleak House opens in a fog, the greatest fog in all fiction. Dickens calls it affectionately "London ivy."

Dickens also loved snow. All readers of *Martin Chuzzlewit* must remember the cold snowy night when young Martin and Tom Pinch walked to Salisbury to the famous inn where John Westlock had prepared a famous dinner.

In the *Carol*, during the visit of the second of the Three Spirits, there is a happy snowy scene—"the weather was severe and the people made a rough but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses ... For the people who were shovelling away on the housetops were jovial and full of glee, calling out to one another from the parapets and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball—better natured missile than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong." The passage reminds one in some ways of the beautiful poem by Robert Bridges, "London Snow," a poem Dickens would have loved.

Love of fog usually disappears before middle age, love of snow lasts longer and may remain to the end, for snow is the most beautiful of all natural phenomena. It is nature's Daylight Saving Act and really

does shorten the hours of darkness. It is like a sudden spring in mid-winter and can, in a few hours, change the darkest landscape into a thing of light and loveliness. It puts the spirit of youth into everything and many "a grave and reverend signior" will, on seeing the shining miracle, feel an almost irresistible temptation to pick up a handful of the freezing stuff and fling it at his neighbour, who will be equally inclined to return the compliment. The love of Christmas lasts to the end, and the man who is tired of Christmas is tired of life. *Martin Chuzzlewit* ends in the strains of music, *A Christmas Carol* with a prayer. Let us close with a prophecy.

While a love of laughter and beauty remains in the world *Martin Chuzzlewit* will not be forgotten, and when the *Carol* is as old as Christmas is to-day it will still be read and loved.

This year a century ago,
  While the New Year was very young,
  Just when the happy bells had rung
Their welcome peal across the snow.

There came a book to charm and bless,
  To unmask smug hypocrisy
  Complete with many a fair-faced lie,
And cleanse our souls from selfishness.

And when the year was growing old,
  And days were brief and dark and dim,
  There came again the Angels' hymn
To warm sad hearts that had grown cold.

And then arose a melody,
  An echo of the angelic song,
  The Carols message clear and strong,
Of Faith and Hope and Charity.

RELATIONSHIPS

What relation was the first-named character to the second?

1. Edward Plummer to Mrs. Fielding.
2. Mrs. Strong to Jack Maldon.
3. Tite Barnacle to Clarence.
4. Mrs. Joe Gargery to Pip.
5. Mrs. Pegler to Bounderby.
6. Lady Scadgers to Mrs. Sparsit.
7. Mrs. Finching, Junr., to Mr. Casby.
8. Edith Granger to Florence.
9. Mary Graham to old Martin.
10. Estella to Magwitch.
11. Fred Trent to Little Nell.
12. Mrs. Kenwigs to Mr. Lillyvick.
13. Rachael to Mr. Wardle.
14. John Browdie to Mrs. Squeers.
15. Smike to Ralph Nickleby.
16. Mr. Varden to Mrs. Joe Willet.
17. Mr. Barkis to Mr. Peggotty.
18. Mrs. Clennam to Arthur.
19. John Barsad to Miss Pross.
20. Pip to Biddy.
21. Fanny Cleaver to Mr. Dolls.
22. John Edward Nandy to Mrs. Plornish.
23. Mrs. Merdle to Edmund Sparkler.
24. Bounderby to Louisa Gradgrind.
25. Mr. George to Mrs. Rouncewell.
26. Mrs. Markleham to Mrs. Strong.
27. Mrs. Morfin to James Carker.
28. Mrs. Lupin to Mark Tapley.
29. Scrooge to Fred.
30. Mrs. Nubbles to Barbara.
31. Smike to Mrs. Frank Cheeryble.
32. Mrs. Sparkler, Junr., to Frederick Dorrit.
33. Marquis St. Evremonde to Charles Darnay.
34. Caddy Jellyby to Mr. Turveydrop.
35. Mr. Trundle to Mr. Wardle.
36. Job Trotter to Jem Hutley.
37. Rose Maylie to Rose Flemming.
38. Mrs. Camilla to Mr. Pocket.
39. Dr. Lirriper to Mrs. Lirriper.
40. Mr. Venus to Roger Riderhood.
41. Mr. Twemlow to Lord Snigsworth.
42. Sophronia Akershem to Mr. Lammle.
43. Charley Hexam to Mrs. Wrayburn.
44. Estella to Abel Provis.
45. Mrs. Henry Gowan to Mrs. Meagles.
46. Maggy to Mrs. Bangham.
47. Captain Hawdon to Esther Summerson.
48. Ham to Daniel Peggotty.
49. Florence Gay to Fanny Dombey.
50. B. Britain to C. Newcome.

(*Answers will be found on page* 204)

A PRESTON ROMANCE

Our heartiest congratulations to the newly elected President of the Preston Branch, Mr. W. I. D. Ferrins, on his marriage in August last to Miss Hilda Rainford, a former Hon. Treasurer of the branch.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT—
THE FIRST MONTHLY NUMBER

By J. K. CLAYTON

IN one of his essays the American dramatic critic, George I. Nathan, with deceptive commonplaceness, makes the hackneyed statement that there are two kinds of criticism—destructive and constructive—and he then proceeds to give this trite remark an unexpected twist by comparing these two types of criticism with the two classes into which, according to him, guns are divided—Krupp and pop. After which it is perhaps unnecessary to add that Mr. Nathan rather glories in the fact that he himself is a destructive critic.

But of course this is an age of destructive criticism—"debunking" is the modern name for it—an age in which it is easier, both metaphorically and actually, to smash a masterpiece of art or craftsmanship than to create one.

Even the genius of Dickens has not served to protect him from this tendency of lesser minds to clutch at the garments of greatness in their effort to drag down genius to their own puny level, and *Martin Chuzzlewit* has perhaps suffered more than most of his works in this respect. Even so great and friendly a critic as G. K. Chesterton has described the story as "sad and almost sodden."

It is, of course, a matter of established fact that the sales of the early monthly numbers of *Martin Chuzzlewit* did not come up to Dickens's great expectations, and I trust that I shall not be classed as a destructive critic if for a few moments I discuss a possible cause of this.

Rereading the novel recently, I had the curious feeling that Dickens rather regretted his decision to write this tale of Selfishness—"how," in his own words, "it propagates itself, and to what a grim giant it may grow from small beginnings." Over and over again in the early chapters I had the feeling that Dickens was putting off the evil day when he must plunge into the heart of this sordid subject.

Now there is one inescapable condition attached to serial publication, and that is that the very first instalment must so grip the reader's interest that he (or she) will come back, Oliver-Twist-like, for more.

A story published as a complete volume may perhaps take a chance with a prosy start, though even there it is definitely a risk. With a serial publication a bleak beginning is fatal, and I think that there lies the explanation of the comparatively cool reception which *Martin Chuzzlewit* originally met.

Following up this line of thought, I propose to examine in some detail the first three chapters of the novel, which represent the first monthly number of the original edition—the part from which the public would decide whether or not to subscribe to the work as a whole.

First we have five pages devoted to a burlesque pedigree of the Chuzzlewit family—a piece of sheer buffoonery which has so little relation to the actual Chuzzlewits of the novel that it is almost as though the script of one of Gillie Potter's Hogsnorton sketches had been used as an introductory chapter to "The Forsyte Saga."

The story proper begins on page 6, but almost three more pages go by before the first character is introduced. Then Mr. Pecksniff is mentioned and page 8 is devoted to describing how he was blown over in a storm. There's a quarter of the part gone and all that has happened is that one character has been knocked down and picked up by his two daughters.

Pages 9 to 13 are devoted to an account of the Pecksniff household, and then on page 14 Tom Pinch is introduced and on page 15 John Westlock appears, to say "Goodbye" to Mr. Pecksniff in an un-

pleasant and quarrelsome interview which ends on page 16 with Tom and John leaving so that the latter can catch the Mail Coach to Town—and that's half of the first monthly number.

For the next three pages Tom and John discuss Pecksniff's character, till the arrival of the coach puts an end to their argument.

Then there is a page of description of the Dragon sign at the local inn, followed by a long description of the advent of an old gentleman and a young lady, of the former's illness, of the landlady, of Mrs. Lupin's anxiety and of her decision to send for Mr. Pecksniff. It takes no less than seven pages to disclose the fact that the old gentleman is in fact Martin Chuzzlewit, Senr., a cousin of Pecksniff's. An interview between them brings us to the end of our thirty-two pages.

At this point even Dickens seems to have realised that he was trying his public a little high, for at the very beginning of the next part he hurriedly made a substantial cut which had the effect of reducing the opening paragraph to nonsense. The full story of this cut was told in *The Dickensian* some time ago.* In case you have forgotten it I would remind you that the next chapter begins with the statement that as a result of the nature of his interview with old Martin Chuzzlewit "Pecksniff withdrew to his own home and remained there three whole days, not so much as going out for a walk," and then adds "During the whole of this interval he haunted the Dragon at all times and seasons of the day and night." For some reason this contradiction has never been rectified and remains to this day.

Well, that was the first monthly number of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and I think you will agree that on the whole it was pretty thin and not what the Dickens public were entitled to expect !

But you may argue that that was Dickens's way ; that in those days readers expected a leisurely start to a long novel. Well, then, by way of comparison, let us glance at the first monthly number of another of Dickens's novels. Let us take *Our Mutual Friend.*

With almost Kiplingesque conciseness the first five *lines*—not pages, *lines* !—introduce Lizzie and Gaffer Hexham and set the stage for the dramatic opening scene—the finding of the supposed body of John Harmon. Then we have the vivacious account of the Veneering circle of "oldest friends," Mortimer Lightwood's story of the Harmon fortune, his visit to the Hexham home, his meeting with the mysterious Julius Handford, the coroner's inquest, a delicious picture of the Wilfer family circle, and the introduction of a certain John Rokesmith as a lodger—a vast canvas containing no less than a couple of dozen characters, not counting servants, and what the playbills call, "etc." Which reminds me of an old poem, a verse of which ran :

> Etcetera, etcetera,
> I foot the programme of the Play.
> When posters flame
> With Irving's name
> I'm "Peasants, monks, etcetera."

"Ah !" the Dickensian highbrow may object, "that's all very well, but it's not a fair comparison. *Our Mutual Friend* was written at a much later date than *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and belongs to the days when Dickens's friendship with Wilkie Collins led him to elaborate his plots to the detriment of the characteristic Dickensian style."

Very well then. Let's glance at something more nearly contemporary with *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Let us dip into the opening of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Here, too, we begin with some biographical pages, but unlike the account of the Chuzzlewit pedigree, they are in every way pertinent to the story which is about to be unfolded.

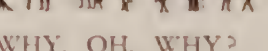
* See 1940 volume, page 147.

Then we have full length portraits of Mrs. Nickleby, Nicholas, Kate, of Ralph Nickleby and Newman Noggs, the gorgeous account of the General Meeting of the United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company, Miss la Creevy, the miniature painter, Squeers and Snawley and their small victims, together with a detailed introduction to the educational methods of Dotheboys Hall. An unhurried opening I agree, but richer fare and greater promise of good things to come than the corresponding portion of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, I venture to think.

But if I have looked with a critical eye on these early chapters, I am not for one moment suggesting that *Martin Chuzzlewit*, taken as a whole, is not a great novel. That, I think, has, with the passage of time, been generally recognised—in the same way that Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore" is much more highly rated to-day than it was at the time of its original production in 1887.

The point I have endeavoured to make is that those members of the reading public who in January, 1843, read the first monthly number of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and promptly decided not to go on with the story should be leniently judged, for there was little in that first number to prepare them for the good things to come—there was no slightest hint of Elijah Pogram and Jefferson Brick and all the quaint people and incidents of the American scenes, which Chesterton has called "The blazing jewel and sudden redemption of the book"; they were a long way off, the terrible suspense of the dark but gripping episode of Montague Tigg and Jonas Chuzzlewit and the lavender fragrance of the romance of Ruth Pinch and John Westlock; they had heard nothing of Poll Sweedlepipe and the gargantuan humours of Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig (not forgetting the immortal Mrs. Harris); they had still to be carefully prepared through several hundreds of pages for the dramatic redemption of Old Martin and young Martin Chuzzlewit from the slavery of self; their first visit to Todgers's had still to be paid; and finally they had yet to make the acquaintance of the irrepressible Bailey and the unquenchable Mark Tapley.

No, the original subscribers to *Martin Chuzzlewit* would find in that first number all too little of the joys of a tale, into which, as Chesterton says, Dickens "poured genius that might make the mountains laugh, invention that juggled with the stars."



WHY, OH, WHY?

Why *do* they do these things? I pick up a "Life" of John Barrymore, by Alma Powell-Waters, and read that Galsworthy's play "Justice" brought about some reform in prison methods, "just as in an earlier day Charles Dickens's book *Oliver Twist* did so much to reform charity schools." I've heard of Rob the Grinder, but I had overlooked the fact altogether that he appeared in *Oliver Twist!*

And now I get "John o' London's Weekly" for July 16th and read this in an article by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe:

"The masterpiece of Cervantes lives, and will live, because it contains characters familiar to everybody. That is what keeps books alive, even though nobody reads them. I don't believe 'Don Quixote' is read by more than a very few, or 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' or *The Pickwick Papers*. Yet the Knight and Sancho Panza, Christian and Giant Despair and Mr. Facing-both Ways, Sam Weller and his parent, Mr. Bumble and the Fat Boy are the heritage of us all."

It's not a bit of good crying, but people like Mr. Fyfe ought to know better! Who told him *Pickwick* is not read? And as for Bumble, why not Cap'n Cuttle or Mr. Wegg!

J. W. T. L.

AUTOPLAGIARISM

By T. KENT BRUMLEIGH

(*Continued from page* 118)

II.

DICKENS as a phrase-maker is well known to every reader of the daily papers as passages from his writings are frequently quoted. A good instance is "Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families," as he used it twice; once in the mouth of Alfred Jingle, Esquire, of No Hall, Nowhere, on his first appearance, after Mr. Pickwick's spectacles had been knocked off by the irate cabman, ". . . all a mistake, I see—never mind—accidents will happen—best regulated families—never say die . . ."; again, Mr. Micawber offers it as a consolation to David's disappointment at the result of Mrs. Crupp's alleged cookery: "accidents will occur in the best-regulated families."*

A particularly telling phrase would appeal to Dickens and would induce him to use it more than once; a good example is "The murder's out," the original of which goes back to Chaucer's time. It now usually means that news can no longer be suppressed. Sam Weller tried to hold back as long as possible from Mr. Pickwick the reason for his arrest and committal to the Fleet, but finally had to blurt out: "Now the murder's out and, damme, there's an end to it." Mr. Peggotty also, after a long rigmarole, sums up the whole story of Little E'mly's betrothal to Ham in the words: "Theer! the murder's out! . . . It took place this heer present hour."

Let us turn now to the association of sleek black hair parted in the middle as a mark of the villain, and see Dickens repeat himself with variations. Julius Slinkton, who had black hair elaborately brushed and oiled and parted so straight up the middle that it invited the stranger to "come straight up here," must have been Dickens's first study for the riper conception of John Jasper, who also had thick lustrous well-arranged black hair. Edward Murdstone, the firm and cruel, is endowed by his creator with beautiful thick black hair that fascinated David Copperfield. And Dickens again uses Slinkton's invitation to "follow the gravel path; I allow no trespassing" in connection with old Lady Tippins, whose head issued a tacit invitation to the stranger to take the "dyed Long Walk† up the top of her head as a convenient approach to the bunch of false hair behind." We find a hint of the author's dislike also in the languid Elijah Pogram, who had "straight black hair parted up the middle of his head and hanging down upon his coat"; it was probably greasy but lustreless as he "appeared to have had a difference with his laundress and to have left off washing himself in early youth." The moral of all this seems to be that if you have black hair, mind your Ps and Qs.

Dickens surely had a prejudice against hair that does not lie smoothly on the head or he would not have endowed peppery-tempered Dr. Slammer, "a little fat man, with a ring of upright black hair round his head and an extensive bald plain on the top of it." What did the worthy doctor look like with his hat on? Another peppery individual was Mr. Slurk, the editor of the Eatanswill Independent, "a disgraceful and dastardly journal" and "a vile and slanderous calumniator." As

* I should in fairness point out that Scott, in "Peveril of the Peak," expresses much the same idea. "Such things will befall in the best-regulated families," but it is the Dickensian phrase that has passed into common use.

† The Long Walk alluded to is the famous avenue of elms, three miles long, in Windsor Great Park: it leads in a perfectly straight line from the Castle to the statue of George III (the "Copper Horse").

might be expected, Mr. Slurk was "a shortish gentleman with very stiff black hair cut in the porcupine or blacking-brush style and standing up stiff and straight all round his head." Two portraits that might be interchangeable if one assumes that Slurk was bald, and that might have put below them the motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" That motto might also be applied to that little aggressive individual Jerry Cruncher, whose head "except the crown which was raggedly bald, had stiff black hair standing jaggedly all over it . . . much more like the top of a strongly spiked wall than a head of hair." Dear me, how alike they all are; of course it is perfectly clear that Dickens intentionally repeats this particular type of head to symbolise truculence and irascibility.

Here is a similarity with a change in its application. Seth Pecksniff, the moral, the open-as-the-day, the benevolent, the long-suffering and tolerant, and the friendly but patronising, had hair that "stood bolt upright"; it was "all brushed off his forehead" probably to emphasise the fact that he and deception were total strangers. Its colour was grizzled and iron-grey as befitted a mature person carrying the morals of his fellow-mortals on his own shoulders. Mr. Podsnap's openness of character was aggressive almost to rudeness and he did not care whether or not he looked benevolent, so he was adorned by "two little light-coloured wiry wings one on either side of his else bald head, looking as like his hair-brushes as his hair," and this gave him a sharp and wide-awake awareness of everything round him.

And how nice is Dickens's perception of fitness in finishing off so energetic a man as Mr. Pancks, always ready with steam up for action at the shortest notice, with "wiry black hair striking out from his head in prongs like forks or hair-pins" and how well it goes with his jet black eyes, his scrubby little black chin, his dirty hands and dirty broken nails, his snorting, sniffing and puffing. He must have offered a striking contrast to his modest little landlord, Mr. Rugg, who had such an unkempt appearance with a "ragged yellow head like a worn-out hearth-broom" a sure sign of neglect. Mentioning hearth-brooms we are reminded of Traddles, who, with his gaiety of nature, was careless of his personal appearance. David Copperfield records: "I could not help wishing that he had never contracted the habit of brushing his hair so very upright. It gave him a surprised look not to say a hearth-broomy expression." One would like to know what were the unrecorded thoughts of the prim and proper Misses Spenlow when they first saw this specimen of a young lawyer "of the Inner Temple." A city man, no longer alive, whose pursuit of wealth caused him to neglect his looks, was Jacob Marley, whose ghost wore boots "with tassels that bristled like the hair on his head." Of course this is all wrong; it is flat contradiction to the usual procedure. It is generally the person who sees the ghost whose hair stands on end, but Scrooge was not that sort. Uriah Heep, as was proper for an earnest student of Tidd's Practice, had his red hair "cropped as close as the closest stubble," and for the same reason for keeping a cool brain another student, Mr. Feeder, B.A., "was in the habit of shaving his head for coolness and had nothing but little bristles on it," which looks as if he were too much occupied with his studies to shave close every day. Perhaps it did not matter, as Cornelia was so short-sighted that she had to wear spectacles.

Let us peep into the servants' quarters and again Dickens uses upright hair with humorous effect. William Swidger, the lodge-keeper at the ancient institution, wore light hair that stood on end all over his head and seemed to draw his eyes with it in an excess of bristling readiness for anything. The same association of bristling bustle was displayed by the pimply-faced waiter at the Yarmouth inn where little

David had the gargantuan lunch ; this man had " his hair standing upright all over his head," but his energy was shown not so much in his service, which was in truth rather perfunctory, as in the disposal of the chops and the beer.

We must include in our list the Mugby Junction porter, Lamps, as Dickens gives such a very original reason for his method of hair dressing (if it could be called dressing). " He kept himself tidy by having grizzled hair which, being cut short, stood up on end as if it were attracted by some invisible magnet above it." Worth mentioning also is this human being (at least I hope he is human). I refer to Doctor Haggage in the Marshalsea, tainted with the dreadful taint of a debtors' prison. When he was called to attend Mrs. Dorrit at Amy's birth he was in a wretched, ill-smelling little room playing cards, smoking and drinking brandy ; he " took a comb (a prison comb probably in common use) from the chimney-piece and stuck his hair upright—which appeared to be his way of washing himself." It is surely unnecessary to say that this was before the days of Lister and antiseptic surgery. Can Captain Bunsby's hair be said to be truly upright and worthy of inclusion here ? It certainly stood on end, for we read that his " head was decorated with shaggy hair, like oakum, which had no governing inclination towards the north, east, west, or south, but inclined to all four quarters of the compass and to every point upon it." Observe the nautical touch : the oakum and the points of the compass.

Now why should Dickens exhibit such a bias with reference to smooth black hair and hair that will not lie down ? I think it may be on account of the contrast with his own luxurious chestnut locks, neither smooth and sleek nor rough and uncared for, but beautifully waved, of which he was, we know, rather proud. Most of the examples cited above were unpleasant people and each has just the right sort of hair-dressing to accentuate the personality.

In Dickens's time a great deal more attention was paid to society manners—it was called etiquette—than in these more easy-going (almost degenerate) days, and this was especially true with reference to the wearing of gloves. I think we may take it for granted that in general the gallery of characters in the novels knew when and where to cover the hands in gloves, so we may conclude that in the following instances we are dealing with exceptional portraits. How neatly Dickens rings the changes on the same theme. At the Lammles's wedding " each Buffer with a flower in his buttonhole, his hair curled, and his gloves buttoned on tight, apparently came prepared, if anything had happened to the bridegroom, to be married instantly." Change the scene. When Pip visited the Castle in Walworth, Wemmick's fiancée, Miss Skiffins, " retained her green gloves during the evening as an outward and visible sign that there was company." The corollary is obvious. A few months later Wemmick took Pip to act as a witness to his wedding and diving into his coat pocket fetched out a paper parcel : " Halloa, here's a couple of pair of gloves ! Let's put 'em on ! " The gloves were white kid. Miss Skiffins in the church was " engaged in substituting for her green kid gloves a pair of white." The Aged P. was in difficulties and had to be held against a pillar for the operation of donning his. When the ceremony was over Wemmick " took the cover off the font, put his white gloves in it and put the cover on again. Mrs. Wemmick, more heedful of the future, put her white gloves in her pocket and assumed her green." The Aged was apparently left in his agony.

Of course the charming Mrs. Micawber, being a member of a family headed by parents known as Papa and Mama, was really genteel. so she wore brown gloves to go to David's little dinner party, but took them off to join in the fun of the alfresco meal caused by Mrs.

Crupp's failure already alluded to in a former section ; she really could not stir the mushroom sauce in gloves. But when Littimer turned up and brought the hilarious party back to earth, Mrs. Micawber hastily "put on her brown gloves and assumed a genteel langour." Could anyone but Dickens achieve so much with so few words ? Mrs. Fielding, a majestic old soul, proud of having been once better off, specially adorned herself with a cap, and also wore her gloves to grace the party at Caleb Plummer's. "Let us be genteel, or die," says Dickens. One sees here the fine distinction between genteelness and gentility, and it is again shown in Mrs. Wilfer with her stately and dignified, not to say queenly, demeanour on her wedding anniversary, for she had "a pair of gloves worn within doors, which she seemed to consider as a species of full dress." At another wedding anniversary —the Kenwigs's among the guests "the lady in the back-parlour, who was very fat and turned of sixty, came in a low book-muslin dress and short kid gloves which exasperated Mrs. Kenwigs," who certainly commands all our sympathy. Note also that Miss Jemima Ivins (*née* Evans), who lived in the most secluded portion of Camden Town, had "white cotton gloves on her fingers and a cambric pocket-handkerchief carefully folded up in her hand—all quite genteel and lady-like." Among the self-respecting poor one sees the same aspirations, for Barbara's mother (we have no other name for her) went to the Garlands' house to fetch her daughter, and "didn't she look genteel standing there with her gloves on."

One would naturally expect so great an authority on good behaviour and genteel manners as Mrs. General to wear gloves in season and out of season. She did. "She was never without gloves and they never creased and always fitted . . . a ghoule in gloves." She had, moreover, a manner of wearing them that must have irritated Fanny Dorrit almost beyond endurance. The "fair varnisher" kept her gloved hands crossed upon her lap, and, when very much moved from her customary imperturbability, changed them "as to the right glove being uppermost and the left undermost, with a Prunes and Prism smile," also "gravely inclining her head."

But the assumption of gloves is not the exclusive privilege of the female sex ; the males also come within Dickens's purview. It will have been noticed that the author does not tilt at people to whom gloves are a part of their every-day life ; there is no need to tilt at them, but only at those to whom gloves are not habitual and who only don them on occasions of ceremony or when they want to be thought truly genteel, or if he wants to bring out some particular characteristic. Consider Mr. Vholes, who had pinched lips that looked as if they were cold, dressed in black, black gloved, with an upward manner of speaking, and was remarkable for a lifeless manner. After his interview with Esther and Mr. Jarndyce, "he put on his dead glove, which scarcely seemed to have any hand in it, on my fingers, and then on my Guardian's fingers, and took his long thin shadow away." How life-like and how deathly ! Now consider another solicitor, Mr. Solomon Pell ; when he was engaged in his ordinary avocations such as arranging Sam Weller's arrest for debt, there is no mention of gloves, but when he is helping to prove Mrs. Weller's will and it is necessary to interview such a "swell" as the stockbroker, Mr. Wilkins Flasher, Mr. Pell wore a pair of gloves and a clean shirt to give himself "tone." It is quite likely that a man of Pell's usually untidy habits would keep those gloves in the pocket into which he hastily crammed the biscuit and the partly consumed saveloy on which he was lunching when the Wellers called on him. And here's another solicitor, Uriah Heep ; on his visit to the parvenu Waterbrooks he "fitted his long skeleton fingers into the still longer fingers of a great Guy Fawkes pair of gloves . . . scarecrow gloves ;"

these must have been something like the " remains of an old pair of beaver gloves " worn by the shabby-genteel man " who had seen better days." Genteel without being shabby were the " particularly well-fitting black kid gloves affected by the precise Julius Slinkton ; and so were the " bran-new pair of gloves " which the happy Mr. Marton had carried in a little parcel " in his pocket all the way " and finally put on in order no doubt to impress his new employers with his respectability and suitability for the post of clerk and village schoolmaster.

Such are some of the instances of the effective use that Dickens makes of a particular aspect of society manners.

(To be continued)

A NEW DICKENS BIBLIOGRAPHY

BLEAK HOUSE

WRITTEN. Begun at Tavistock House, November, 1851. Continued at Dover, finished at Boulogne, August, 1853.

MANUSCRIPT and corrected proofs in the Forster Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

ILLUSTRATIONS. Forty, by Hablot K. Browne (Phiz). Originals in the Library of Mr. W. M. Elkins, Philadelphia.

DEDICATED " to my companions in the Guild of Literature and Art."

PUBLISHED by Bradbury & Evans in monthly numbers from March 1st, 1852, to September 1st, 1853, price one shilling. For facsimile of cover design see page 174. In one volume, September, 1853 (for facsimile title pages see page 175).

NEW PREFACES in the Cheap Edition (5*s.* 0*d.*) dated August, 1857, and in the Charles Dickens Edition, undated, slightly altered.

The original publication in 19 numbers, with green wrappers and advertisements, is somewhat scarce and expensive ; but the numbers bound up by the publishers in Cloth (21*s.*), half morocco with marbled edges (24*s.* 6*d.*), and full morocco with gilt edges (26*s.* 0*d.*) are less costly to purchase. Copies bound from the original numbers by other bookbinders in various styles are frequently met with at fairly low prices. Buyers should take care that the copies purchased agree with the collation on page 175.

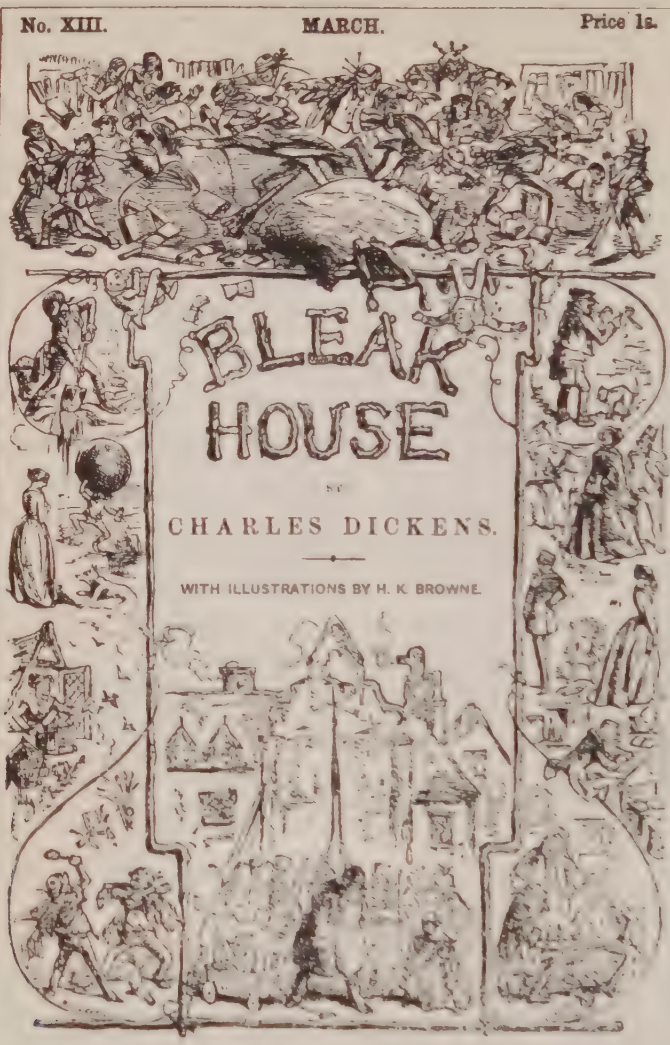
The two later editions mentioned above are worth collecting for the sake of the prefaces.

ROCHESTER BRANCH CELEBRATES ITS FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

AFTER a suspension of activities since September 1939, the Rochester Branch, which still boasts a paid-up membership of one hundred and eighty, awoke to life again on May 26th to celebrate its fortieth birthday, at the Guildhall, by kind permission of the Mayor, Councillor J. T. Hawes, whom it will be remembered bears a great resemblance to Dickens, and played the part in the Pageant a few years ago. Mr. Cobbett Barker, J.P., occupied the chair. Among those also present were the Mayor of Chatham, Mr. Leslie Staples, the Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, and two of the original members, Mr. Henry Smetham and Mrs. N. McLellan. Mr. Cobbett Barker pleaded for a more watchful care of the rich legacy of association and architectural gems which the City possessed, and expressed the hope that the Fellowship would see to their preservation.

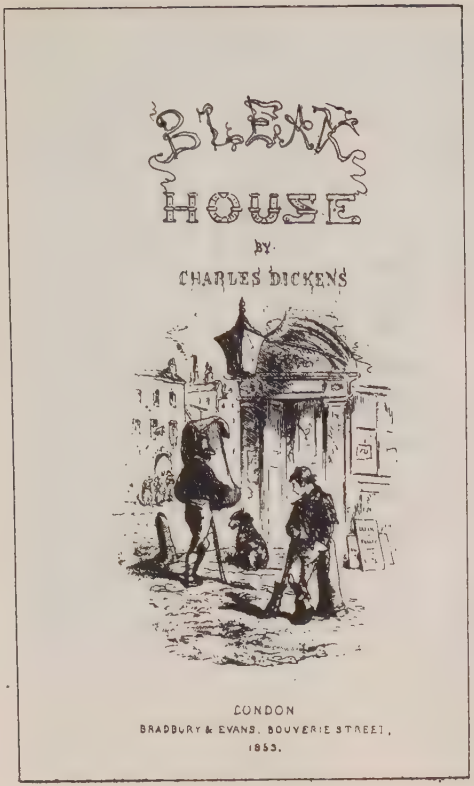
Miss Amy Butler, the Hon. Secretary of the Branch, gave a brief summary of the achievements of the Rochester Branch, including the week of Centenary Celebrations in 1912, the two Conferences of the Fellowship, the Pageant in 1931, and the Pickwick Centenary Celebrations in 1936. Mr. Staples paid tribute to the many activities of the branch, which was founded by Mr. Smetham so soon after the inauguration of the Fellowship in London.

Following the speeches came an entertainment arranged by Misses N. Cole, N. Daniels and Mr. R. E. Rigg.



☞ The Author of this Work notifies that it is his intention to reserve the right of translating it.

The above is a reproduction of Phiz's design for the green cover of each of the nineteen monthly numbers published between March, 1852, and September, 1853. Each part bears its number in Roman numerals, and the month, but no year. Each number contains 32 pages, and two illustrations by Phiz on plate paper; also advertisement pages which vary from time to time. The price of each was one shilling, the last number (marked XIX and XX) was a double one (price two shillings) and contained the frontispiece, illustrated title-page, and all preliminary matter (see collation on opposite page).



SPECIAL NOTES FOR THE FIRST EDITION

Date 1853 on both Illustrated Title Page and Title Page (see accompanying illustrations).

No. IX contains one illustration only, due to an accident to the plate, as explained by a white slip attached. Buyers of the nineteen numbers should see that this is present. Number X contains three illustrations.

In One Volume form, publishers' rose cloth, half morocco with marbled edges, or full morocco with gilt edges.

COLLATION. Half-title, one leaf, frontispiece, illustrated title-page, each a separate plate. Title-page, dedication, each one leaf. Preface and Contents each two leaves (*i.e.* four pages). List of Plates, one leaf, at the foot of the second page of which is the Errata of five lines.

The story then follows on pp. 1 to 624 with 38 illustrations with captions, on separate plates.

BLEAK HOUSE.

BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1853.

HISTORY GONE WRONG

I HAVE lately been reading a novel by Doris Leslie entitled "Fair Company." In a prefatory note the author describes the book as an attempt to describe the social and political changes and development in England during a hundred and thirty years, and she says that it has "naturally necessitated much research in order to obtain an accuracy of fact to aid my fiction."

It cannot but be a saddish commentary on seventy years of popular education that the writing of straight history and biography is being steadily less and less practised. For example, one might have thought that the simple known facts of the life of the boy poet, Chatterton, were sufficiently fascinating to render it almost an affront to dish them up in novel form, as recently done, so that it is difficult to sift them from the chaff of the author's imagination. One might have thought that even in a novel such as "Fair Company," where real men are mentioned, the reader should be able to assume that apparent statements of fact really are such. But look at the following extract:

> "The introduction of a quarterly review entitled the 'Magpie,' and edited by Prior, created a furore in 1832. The first number, issued in January of that year, gives as contributors Charles Dickens, a solicitor's clerk, and one W. M. Thackeray, a young law student . . . The rising stars of these two obscure young gentlemen, hitherto unheard of and still of no account, were totally eclipsed by such galaxy as Hazlitt . . . Edward Bulwer, then editing the 'New Monthly Magazine,' the much talked of Lady Blessington, who made her debut in print in that number of the 'Magpie,' and Landor . . ."

In 1832 Dickens was not a lawyer's clerk, to begin with. In the beginning of that year he was a shorthand writer in Doctors' Commons, and later in the year he got his first job on a newspaper. Presumably the "Magpie" is a fictitious publication,* and so it may be permissible for it to have contained fictitious contributions! But note that its first number appeared in January, 1832, with a contribution by Dickens. Now where is the accuracy of fact which is supposed to aid the fiction? Dickens's first appearance in print was two years all but a month after that date—in December, 1833. There is no fact in the whole of his life's story more positively authenticated than that. So that despite the desire to obtain an accuracy of fact to aid the fiction, here, in respect of one only of the famous men named in the book, are two absolutely incorrect statements. Side by side with this is the perfectly correct statement about the editor of the "New Monthly Magazine."

We may be told that the aim of the novel is not affected, that for the author's purpose it does not matter a whoot whether Dickens first appeared in all the glory of print in January, 1832, or December, 1833, but she makes an explicit claim as to her care to secure accuracy of fact. The truth is that once you begin to mix fact with fiction—in accordance with the present day craze for "sugaring the pill of History"—the fiction almost inevitably becomes a solvent.

J. W. T. LEY.

MONTREAL BRANCH

THE branch reports that the Season 1942-43 saw the membership stationary, but found the attendance of visitors and guests the best for years. Patriotic institutions benefited in the allocation of the surplus funds, the principal donations being Kinsmen's Milk Fund for Britain, £6; V-Bundles for Britain, £5; Merchant Navy, per Sailors' Institute, £2; Merchant Navy, per Catholic Sailors' Club, £2. These last two donations were made in the name of Captain Cuttle! Donations were also made to organisations working among the less fortunate children of the community.

Mr. F. N. Stephen has been re-appointed president for the coming year, and Mrs. M. R. Edwards, corresponding secretary. Londoners will be interested to learn that the new honorary president of the branch is the Rev. F. W. Norwood, former minister of the City Temple, who has recently assumed a pastorate in Montreal.

* There is no record of it in the British Museum Catalogue.—EDITOR.

ADVENTURES AMONG DICKENS LETTERS

By WALTER DEXTER

IV

THE necessity to feed *The Dickensian* with new material now that it was fast approaching its thirtieth year was being brought forcibly home to me after I had published the selection of the Beard Letters. I had heard there were many unpublished letters in the library of Mr. Pierpont Morgan in New York ; also in the great Huntington Library in California. I soon got in touch with both, and from them obtained the correspondence with John Macrone, Dickens's first publisher. This I printed in this magazine in 1932-34. I heard that correspondence with the French publishers, Hachette & Cie., was still in the possession of that firm, and this I also published in the same year.

Then Dickens's correspondence with John Hullah and with Harrison Ainsworth came on the market. Count de Suzannet added them to his collection and with his usual generosity placed them at my disposal.

I remember that at about this time I began to secure copies of any Dickens letter I could lay my hands on. Autobiographies of Dickens's contemporaries and other repositories produced a good harvest ; old catalogues were searched. In this I was greatly assisted by my old friend, Mr. William Miller, whose resource was boundless. When Count de Suzannet heard what I was doing he at once realised what a mine of information was to be obtained in this way, and not only sent me copies of the already large selection of letters in his library, but was untiring in his efforts to purchase every unpublished letter which came on the market, here and in America, in order that I might have copies ! Letters to John Leech, eighty-five in number (published in *The Dickensian*, 1938), and many others were purchased privately in this way.

The Huntington Library possesses over thirteen hundred and fifty Dickens letters, and at that time they were not catalogued. I am afraid I proved a nuisance to the librarian and his assistants, but they were always most helpful. If I would only say what letters I wanted they would see if they had them ! And I asked—and with remarkable fecundity they gave me what I wanted. Long forgotten letters to Macrone, Mitton, Overs, and many others were obtained in this manner.

V

Having made mention of the Huntington Library, I must now recall the circumstances in which it fell to my lot to edit the Maria Beadnell correspondence for publication. It was not until 1905 that the existence of these love-letters was known. Five of them were written to Miss Beadnell when Dickens was only twenty years of age ; then there was a gap of some twenty-three years during which Maria and Charles had both married somebody else. And in 1905 the daughter of Maria was willing to sell the packet that her mother had kept all her life tied up in faded blue ribbon. Their publication would cause not a little stir in circles which even in the early days of the twentieth century had not yet shaken off the reserves of the Victorian period.

The buyers of this small packet of letters were the well-known firm of Henry Sotheran & Co., of Piccadilly. Knowing that the best market for these letters would be the United States, they sent their manager, J. H. Stonehouse, to America for the express purpose of disposing of them. I do not know what price the firm had put upon them, but it must have been a high one, because Stonehouse was unable to find a purchaser until almost the day he was due to return, when William K.

Bixby, of Chicago, became their owner. Before Stonehouse left London he had prepared a history of the whole period covered by the letters; thus explaining to a would-be purchaser the importance of the letters as revealing certain unknown incidents in the life of Dickens and their effect on two of the novels; for Maria Beadnell was the model for Dora Spenlow in *David Copperfield*, and the same lady, twenty-three years later, became Flora Finching in *Little Dorrit*.

W. K. Bixby handed the letters, together with Stonehouse's notes, to the Boston Bibliophile Society for the purpose of printing them privately in a strictly limited edition. The editor promptly appropriated Stonehouse's notes for the introduction, but failed to give credit to that gentleman for his piece of remarkably painstaking research. This was in 1908.

Naturally the book was not unnoticed by the American press. When this came to the knowledge of Henry F. Dickens and Georgina Hogarth they were, not unnaturally, greatly perturbed, as their permission to print the letters had not been sought; they knew nothing about the contents and may have imagined there was just a possibility that the letters might contain matter that in their opinion ought not to become public property. As this publication was a definite infringement of their copyright, Henry F. took steps to stop the importation of the book into this country. Miss Hogarth wrote a note for the family archives, putting down in a few words what she remembered of the story of Maria Beadnell, and how she as Mrs. Winter, in company with her husband, had often visited the Dickens family.* And then the whole matter slept for a few years.

But American visitors to London who had read the book informed Matz of the nature of the contents, and some dozen years later, when the vigilance of the customs authorities appears to have been abated, a copy came into the possession of Matz. It was then that Henry Dickens and Georgina Hogarth read the letters for the first time. But even then they would not give permission to Matz to print any of the letters, and expressed a desire that he should refrain from mentioning the matter in this magazine.

In 1921 Sotheran & Co. came into possession of one of the privately printed Reading Editions of *David Copperfield*,† and reprinted it together with "a note on the romantic history of Charles Dickens and Maria Beadnell by John Harrison Stonehouse."

Silence in *The Dickensian* was no longer possible; some notice *had* to be taken of such a book, and Matz reviewed it with great skill in the number for January, 1922.

"The Strand Magazine," hearing of these letters, approached Matz to get permission to publish them in their magazine, and after some hesitation Henry Dickens consented. The arrangement, Matz told me, was that the letters should be printed in full with explanatory comment by Matz himself. There was no need for him to submit the manuscript to Henry Dickens before sending it to the "Strand." However, Matz thought that Sir Henry (he was knighted just at that time) ought to see proofs before the article was finally passed for press, so he sent a set to him. Sir Henry passed all the matter provided by Matz, but severely lascerated the letters themselves, much to the disappointment of Matz and the disgust of "The Strand Magazine," who were under the impression they were to get the letters in their entirety. Nothing, however, could be done at this late stage but to accept Sir Henry's revision. Of course his position as the son of the writer of such intimate letters was a very delicate one, especially in view of the fact that his mother and father had been estranged.

* This note was printed in full in "The Love Romance of Charles Dickens," 1936.
† See *Dickensian*, Spring Number, 1943.

But the omitted portions of the letters, indicated in " The Strand Magazine " by the usual series of dots (. . .) caused many people to wonder what was in the missing portions that could not be printed. Sir Henry's action recoiled on him like a boomerang, when a few years later Mr. Bechhofer Roberts (" Ephesian "), who had attacked Dickens's personal character in " This Side Idolatry," on being reproved by the critics for using fiction as a cover for scurrilous biography, retaliated by a letter to the press referring to the printed extracts of the letters with certain passages omitted, and challenging Sir Henry to print the letters in full ! This was a great piece of bluff on the part of Bechhofer Roberts, as he had read the volume of Beadnell letters in the Dickens House Library and was quite aware of their innocent character. I remember at this time asking Sir Henry to take up the challenge, and to allow the Dickens Fellowship to print the letters, but he was adamant ; he was not going to be brow-beaten into publishing them, he explained. I differed, naturally, but, after all, they were his father's letters ; it was his father who was being attacked and the son should know best how to act in such a matter.

But the harm was done ; there were those little dots in between the passages quoted in " The Strand Magazine," and all manner of inuendoes were current for many years afterwards. It was useless for any Dickens lover to protest.

Had the letters been fully and properly transcribed by the Boston Bibliophile Society ? That was a question that could only be answered by reference to the letters themselves. The former owner, Bixby, was dead and nobody seemed to know what had become of the Dickens letters ; they had certainly not appeared in the auction rooms. I therefore drew a bow at a venture in asking the Huntington Library if they had them. They had, and photostat copies of the whole set were soon in my possession, and I found that the letters had been transcribed with the utmost accuracy.

By this time I was becoming an eager letter-hunter, and more than ever convinced that these very romantic and extremely innocent letters ought to be published in full—in *facsimile* if need be—and in my leisure moments prepared somes notes to accompany them. But the trouble still was that Sir Henry's permission was necessary, and I recalled my last interview with him (see page 138) on the matter of the publication of the Beard letters, when he had said with no little feeling, " Don't talk to me about Maria Beadnell ! " I did not want another rebuff and so the matter had to rest.

VI

I recall a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Fellowship in the early summer of 1933 when finances were being discussed. We were, as usual, running very close in our margin of excess of income over expenditure, and there were constant donations being required to keep the Dickens House in good condition. The £100 received from the Beard letters had been spent, and somebody remarked that perhaps the mental fertility of the editor of *The Dickensian* was not yet at an end, and that he could find some magic wand to wave another hundred pounds into our coffers. For a moment I had nothing to suggest, then all at once I thought of the Beadnell letters.

" If the committee is ready to pass a unanimous vote that in their opinion it is essential, to protect the name of Dickens, that the letters to Maria should be published," I said, " I will approach Sir Henry once again."

I added that I did not expect anything like £100 this time as there was nothing sensational in the letters, and the cream had already been taken off by publication in " The Strand Magazine," but that

I had hopes of at least £50 as an advance on account of royalties once the necessary permission to publish had been given.

The resolution was carried unanimously, and I decided to see Sir Henry at once. I wrote asking for an appointment. All that evening—and part of the night, too—I was cudgelling my brains as to the best method of approach. Then I suddenly recalled what had happened when I had my first experience of editing a volume of letters, the Dickens-Lemon correspondence referred to on page 133. When I was invited to edit the proposed book, I asked if they had permission from Sir Henry for the publication; they said they had not, but that they had written to him advising him of what they were doing, and that if he raised no objection all would be well. As it happened Sir Henry not only raised no objection to the proposed book, but wrote to wish it all success! That gave me the cue to my method of approach; not to ask permission, but boldly to say that the Dickens Fellowship had decided that the time had come when they thought it wise to print the letters from the *facsimile* copies in their possession—and then see how Sir Henry reacted. I remember calling at Mulberry Walk one hot summer afternoon. It was the first time I had been to his house. Sir Henry and Lady Dickens were sitting in their shady drawing room, and he was busy on an autobiography which was to be published at the end of the year. Sir Henry said that as I so very seldom came to see him, it must be something of great importance that had taken me out to Chelsea, and I said he was quite right. The matter might be distasteful to him, I added, but I begged he would give me an uninterrupted five minutes in which to explain. I then produced the *facsimiles* of his father's letters to Maria, and said that the American publication of twenty-five years before had quite correctly transcribed them; but that later publication in England with certain passages deleted had caused those who wished to defame the character of his father to assert that the omissions were not printable. This had caused the Dickens Fellowship to come to the conclusion they must publish the letters without deletions, and had sent me to acquaint him of their intention. I had really expected a stern refusal at this juncture, but there was silence for a few seconds.

"Well," said Sir Henry, "if that is the desire of the Committee, I will not stand in the way. I suppose you will be printing them in *The Dickensian*?"

I explained that much as I should like to print the letters in the magazine, the Fellowship was hoping that they could augment their funds a little by finding a publisher for the letters and the introduction I had written. This appeared to satisfy him completely; Lady Dickens then proved most helpful. She remembered that Georgina Hogarth had written a note about Maria, and promised to look it out and send it to me; this she did the very next day.

VII

Having learnt from my experience in the negotiations over the Beard letters what an agent is able to do in the way of disposing of literary material to advantage, I made enquiries and was recommended to Messrs. Christy & Moore as the very best literary agents in London. Mr. Leonard P. Moore of that firm heard my story and considered there was quite a good chance to dispose of the work in the Periodical market; that offered a better chance of good remuneration than book publication, which could always follow later. I agreed with this, knowing that the Beard letters had not been profitable in book form.

Months went by, and all Mr. Moore's experience and exertions failed to get any publisher interested. The letters were by no means new;

periodical publications were not interested when they knew the matter had already appeared within recent memory. Nevertheless Mr. Moore persevered.

Sir Henry Dickens died rather tragically just before Christmas, 1933, as the result of an accident; the last link with a great name had passed away. The press suddenly became Dickens-minded; it became known that certain letters of Dickens to his wife had been deposited by Mrs. Perugini in the British Museum with instructions they should not be made available to the public until after her and her brother's death. I was already cognisant of this, and was actually in touch with the Museum authorities, seeing there a chance that might be advantageous to the Dickens Fellowship. It was also known that Dickens had written a *Life of Our Lord* which had never been published, and the press was constantly enquiring of me as to what I knew about both the letters and that manuscript. All I could do was to refer them to the family whose permission must be obtained before any publication could take place; but I kept in touch with the various editors in case I could be useful to them when the letters, etc., were at length released. My office telephone-bell was ringing all day long on matters Dickensian, when it should have been reserved for the particular business which helped to provide my daily bread. I was getting rather sick of it, as the persistence of journalists to get even a sight of the unpublished Dickens manuscript was a little overwhelming.

I forgot Maria Beadnell for the moment—until late one afternoon Mr. Leonard Moore spoke to me on the telephone.

"I can sell the first serial rights of the Dickens letters to the 'Sunday Graphic' for Four hundred pounds," he said.

This was absolutely breath-taking. "What," I shouted into the mouthpiece, "did you say four hundred pounds?" Yes, that was so, would I accept?

Although a business man accustomed to a certain amount of bargaining over prices, I did not reply, as I might have done, "No, five hundred is my lowest price." I had never discussed a price with Mr. Moore, and indeed had not been in touch with him for some long time. My caution did, however, prompt me to ask if he considered it an adequate offer, and he said, yes he did, especially as the letters had already been partly published. So I told him to accept the offer without more ado. It was then very nearly six o'clock and I was preparing to go home; he promised an answer in a few minutes, if I would wait; and in a very short time he was back on the telephone again with the news that everything was in order and would I go to see the Editor that evening as they were anxious to get the letters in their paper as quickly as possible. "They also want to assure themselves that you have the right of publication from the Dickens family." Here was another complication—but I was getting accustomed to complications. I had no written authority. Fortunately Lady Dickens had been present when her husband had given me the publication rights on behalf of the Fellowship, and luckily I remembered that I had the letter she had written to me enclosing the memorandum prepared by Georgina Hogarth, and that I had kept a copy of my own letter sent to her when returning the original note; and fortunately again, I had mentioned therein something about proceeding to find a publisher for the letters. Mr. Moore thought this might be sufficient, but if not I should have to ask Lady Dickens for some more formal assignment of the property.

I was naturally anxious to avoid troubling Lady Dickens so early in her bereavement, and I am glad to say my interview with the Editor was quite satisfactory, and I eventually signed the contract on behalf of the Dickens Fellowship.

A few days later Mr. Moore announced that he had sold the first serial rights in America for £600; this was not so great a surprise to me as the former sale had been, as he had told me he was in negotiation with an American group of newspapers and could probably get as good an offer from them as he had received from the "Sunday Graphic."

I may say, in passing, that this sale to the American papers resulted in a legal action being started in the United States. When the newspaper group which had purchased the serial rights announced the publication of these "Love Letters" (in large type—for the purpose of increasing their circulation) another group remembered that the letters had already been published in America and that they had only to get a copy of that book and the permission—so they thought—of the Bibliophile Society (even if that) to forestall the firm which had paid £600 for the permission to print. They accordingly announced that *they* would be printing the letters in their papers. The result was that the courts were applied to to restrain them; a temporary injunction was granted, and this had to be followed by sworn affidavits of Lady Dickens and myself, confirming the verbal assignment by Sir Henry of the rights of publication. The publication of the book by the Boston Bibliophile Society did not give that body any copyright in the published work. The matter was, I understand, amicably settled between the two newspaper groups, but I have no details as, of course, I was not concerned in the action.

Our contract with the American group was quite valid; Mr. Moore, good agent that he is, had taken no risks, but had revealed to the purchaser before fixing the sale that the letters had already been printed in the United States, but without any consent of the owner of the copyright.

Thus was a real question of Dickens and International Copyright happily settled, and the copyright in the letters of Dickens to Maria Beadnell and Mrs. Winter still remains the property of the Dickens Fellowship.

In spite of the boom given to these letters by publication here and in America in newspapers with a circulation of many millions, Mr. Moore still experienced difficulty in finding a publisher for them in book form—the only really permanent form for matters of such importance. At last the Argonaut Press offered the small sum of £25 for royalties on a limited edition; this I accepted; I am sorry to add that the edition was not sold out at its published price and no further sums became payable to the Fellowship.

VIII.

The death of Sir Henry Dickens released the letters from Dickens to his wife deposited in the British Museum. Constable & Co., Ltd., purchased the copyright, and asked me to annotate the publication. I was sorry to find that a document giving the true facts about the separation which, according to two of her friends still living, Mrs. Perugini had placed with the letters, was not to be found; only a brief introductory note.

In 1937 the Nonesuch Edition was projected, and I was invited to become one of the editors. This gave me the opportunity of suggesting the inclusion of all known Dickens letters. The idea was welcomed by Mr. Francis Meynell, who also agreed to my stipulation that, after a period of two years, the Letters should be made available to the public in separate form. The war, however, suspended that interesting event, and by the time publication is possible, there will be a fourth volume to be added. My adventures among Dickens letters are not yet at an end!

A DRESS REHEARSAL OF THE CRUMMLES COMPANY

By FRANK J. STAFF

PLAY

THE MYSTERY OF THE WILLOW POOL
or the
HATCHET OF BLOOD

Act V, Scene IV. *Scene*: The Village Green.

Characters:

Susan Merrypebbles.	Miss Snevellicci.
Dame Merrypebbles.	Mrs. Vincent Crummles.
Nina: The Dumb Gipsy Girl.	Miss Ninetta Crummles.
Lord Gravelpath (on his return).	Mr. Johnson.
The Mysterious Stranger.	Mr. Lenville.
Giles Hayband.	Mr. Folair.
Farmer Merrypebbles.	Mr. Vincent Crummles.

Company discovered on the stage.

V. Crummles (*with back to audience, down front*): Now ladies and gentlemen, clear please for Scene IV, Act V. No books, and business as on night. (*Claps hands to flies.*) Flies, what are you giving us for the Village Green? (*Looks at imaginary back cloth.*) That's no good. That's amidships the Saucy Sarah, in "The Buccaneer's Curse." Take it up. What! all you have. Well, turn it upside down, it won't be noticed. Now, ready, my dears. Curtain up!

Dame and Susan enter R. to Centre.

Susan: Yes, dear Mamma, fain would I forget the happy hours spent with him who is, alas, no more. What though he be of noble birth? my Father has declared that he would tire of me did he wed me.

Dame: And your father is right, child. You are but a simple farmer's daughter, humble and born of poor but honest parents, whereas he was of the Court and loved the society of great dames. He was not for you, my child.

Susan: And yet, Mamma, I loved him dearly.

Dame: There, there, girl, come rest awhile in the house. (*Walking L.*) We must have dry eyes for when your father returns from market. (*Exit.*)

Enter Lord Gravelpath (business).

Lord Gravelpath: After five years of exile I am drawn again to this humble bower of bliss. Rich beyond the dreams of avarice, yet tired of wandering the earth round, and still dreaming of the little village beauty I have tried so hard to forget. Heigho! But soft, a simple yokel comes this way. I will question him. (*Enter Giles L.*) Tell me, my good fellow, Does Susan, the Farmer's daughter, reside in the vicinity?

Giles: Noa, can't say as she do.

Lord G.: Streuth!—I mean Confusion! Don't say that she is dead.

Giles: Noa, I woant.

Lord G.: Speak, man—the truth—she is another's?

Giles: Aye.

Lord G.: Alas—*Another's.*

Giles: I thought you said Her Mother's.

Lord G.: No, No, simpleton. jest not with me, or by heavens—(*Raises hand*).

Giles: Stay, proud Lord, base tyrant of a tyrant race, you see I know thee, spite of thy added wrinkles and thy grizzled though once ebon locks. Susan Merrypebbles lives at the farm, yet.

Lord G.: Yes, yes, in the vicinity.

Giles: Noa. In the farmhouse.

LORD G. : Uncouth thou art, but thou hast given me new life. Here—take this for your trouble. (*Throws purse at feet.*)

GILES : Take that, and that, aye that I will. *Gold!* Phoebe and me will soon be wed. Hurrah! (*Exit R. singing.*)

Enter Nina L. back stage, hiding face behind mantilla (*bus.*)

LORD G. : And now to formulate my plans. Offer her my hand and heart; assail her flinty-hearted parent, and if he withhold his consent, why then, a coach-and-six with a trusty postillion, and away to Gretna Green. For I'll carry her off. Ha, Ha. Ho, Ho! I'll carry her off. Ha, Ha! (*Exit L.*) (*Business . . . Infant.*)

FARMER (*singing off*) : The jolly, jolly rain has raised the golden grain. The go-o-olden grain (*enter R.*) Fill high the flowing bowl; the flo-o-oing bo-hole. (*At C.*)

(*Nina down C. business, dumb show—Farmer bewildered.*)

FARMER : I can't understand a word she says. Where do you want to go to? (*Bus.*) Now touch your toes without bending your knees. (*Bus.*) Yes. Yes. The Poost Arfs.
(*Bus. Infant points L.*)
There's rain about. (*Bus.*) Thunder in the air. (*Both move L. Bus.*)
A sail, a sail, and on the weather bow.

Enter Lenville as Buccaneer (*strikes attitude.*)

LENVILLE : I hold the winning hand; she'll not escape this time; and once on board the lugger and the girl is mine. Her sweetheart lies, Ha, Ha! at the bottom of the old mill stream; no eye saw the crime. A struggle, all was over, so was he.

CRUMMLES : One moment, Lenville, what do you think you are?

LENVILLE : Rudolpho in the "Buccaneer's Curse."

CRUMMLES : Oh, no, you're not. To-night is Friday, and you're the Mysterious Stranger in the Hatchet of Blood.

LENVILLE : Sorry, my mistake. (*Exit R.*)

CRUMMLES : Now, my dear, try back and give the cue again. (*Business repeated.*) Yes. Yes. A sail, a sail, and on the weather bow.

Enter Mysterious Stranger (*black cloak, tall hat, whiskers, but showing buccaneer's boots and stockings*).

STRANGER : Yes, 'tis the village.
There stands the Pump,
And there, the old Church Spire.
Ah me, what feelings,
And particularly indescribable sensations
Come—over—me.

CRUMMLES : Stay. Isn't that done to music? (*Shouts off.*) Mrs. Grudden.

VOICE OFF : Now then.

CRUMMLES : Where's the band?

VOICE OFF : Dress rehearsal. I told them they wouldn't be wanted.

CRUMMLES : Well, see that all *three* are here to-morrow night. We'll do that bit again, Lenville, and I'll hum the accompaniment.

Exit Lenville R. and re-enter.

STRANGER : Yes, 'tis the village.

CRUMMLES (*imitating instruments in the band*) : Tum te tum.

STRANGER : There stands the Pump.

CRUMMLES : Ti tum ti toddy.

STRANGER : And there the old Church Spire.

CRUMMLES : La-da de tum (*cresc.*).

STRANGER : Ah me, what feelings.

CRUMMLES : Tiddy tiddy tiddy tum tum.

STRANGER : And particularly indescribable sensations.

CRUMMLES : Toodle oddle oddle.

STRANGER : What's that for?

CRUMMLES : Flute.

STRANGER : Particularly indescribable sensations
Come—over—meeee.

VOICE OFF : Puss, Puss, Puss!
CRUMMLES : Lad a di dum (*Cresc.*),
On second thoughts, Lenville cut out the Pump.
STRANGER : Cut out the *Pump?*
CRUMMLES : Yes, I've promised Johnson that he shall use it in his new play. Can't you say "There stands the wash-tub, and there the old church spire?"
LENVILLE : Just as you like, both lines are good.
STRANGER : Tell me, my honest man, can I lodge in yonder farmhouse? Methinks that shortly overhead a storm will break, and I would fain gain shelter.
FARMER : Of a truth, good Sir, there's thunder in the air, and the glorious luminary of day is a-shutting up and night is a-casting of her shades around, and it shall never be said that Jasper Merrypebbles ever refused shelter to a homeless stranger. A numble ouse maybe, but it covers an eart that never bent the knee to the sway of a tyrant or took his hat off to a cowardly oppressor.
LENVILLE : Doesn't a clock strike ten here and bring back memories?
CRUMMLES : No, that's in Act III.
LENVILLE : More effective now, if I may say so. "Cowardly oppressor," clock strikes ten and you remember your early boyhood.
CRUMMLES : Mr. Lenville, *I* am producer and stage-manager here, and whilst I am producer and stage-manager, that clock is going to strike in Act III.

So-and-so, so-and-so—cowardly oppressor.

STRANGER : In sooth, thou art an honest fellow, lead on. I'll follow thee. (*Infant comes down stage.*) Yet stay, a peasant girl. (*Business.*) Yes, yes. (*Bus.*) A noble Lord, indeed. (*Bus.*) In love with the farmer's daughter. (*Bus.*) As plain as day. He would marry her. (*Bus.*). And if her father's consent cannot be obtained (Ah, Ah!) he'll carry her off. (*Bus.*) In a coach-and-six.
FARMER : Confusion! If this be true; but no, it must be circumvented. But how?
STRANGER (*R.*) : I have led a gay life, but it shall never be said that a heart that can feel for another shall refuse to help a damsel in distress, and there's my hand on it.
GILES (*entering L.*) : —and mine.
FARMER : My honest though umble friend, I thank thee. But hush. Someone approaches. We must dissemble. (*Does so, back-stage.*) (*Enter Susan.*)
SUSAN : Methought I heard a voice. Yet all seems quiet; as no one's here, my song and dance, I'll try it. (*Song : Susan.*)

Enter Lord Gravelpath.

LORD G. : That voice, 'tis she, and now to plight my troth. Fair maid, I offer you my heart and hand, together with estate, if you'll be mine.
SUSAN : What words are these? A noble Lord cannot mate with a simple farmer's daughter. Oh, gentle Sir, pray tempt me not, but leave me.
LORD G. : Nay, fly with me to the sunny south, where the merry cockroach capers in the sunlight, and al is tra-la-la. (*Seizes her.*)
SUSAN. Help!—Help!

V.C. down L. Lenville R. Giles at back of Gravelpath.

Dame Merrypebbles enters L.

DAME M. : I heard a cry—me cheeild, me cheeild. (*Susan faints in her arms, L.C.*)
GILES Take back your gold, 'tis tainted : you sought to bribe me with your wealth, but I'll have none if it. 'Taint likely.
FARMER : How so, Caitiff?
LORD G. : Caitiff yourself; know that I am rich and offered hand and heart in lawful wedlock to your daughter. The purse of gold I gave to yonder varlet for his news that she yet lived.
GILES : In the vicinity.
LORD G. : See here, old man, you and your Dame shall reside at ease, and free of rent, on my estate, if you will but give your consent to our union.

FARMER : Take her, my lord, and may she be happy in her gilded cage (*to Susan*). No word of anger shall pass my lips, you good-for-nothing baggage.

SUSAN : Oh, I cannot bear this gentleness. Revile me, spurn me, but speak not kindly to me.

LORD G. : Come, Darling, to a husband's arms. Through trials and tribulation we have passed, the clouds have lifted, the sun is out at last.

(*Enter the Infant, Centre, down stage to footlights.*)

Since British hearts are true to Virtue's cause,
Long live the Queen, and grant us your applause. (*Curtsey.*)

PICTURE.

WHAT THEY SAID

It's of no consequence. P. TOOTS.
The law is a ass, a idiot. BUMBLE.
Tough and de-vilish sly. JOE BAGSTOCK.
What I says I stands to. JACK BUNSBY.
Discipline must be maintained. MR. BAGNET.
There's no sich a person. BETSEY PRIG.
The unities of the drama. MR. CURDLE.
Count five and twenty. MR. MEAGLES.
Poetry's unnat'ral. TONY WELLER.
I ain't a-goin to be low. MAGWITCH.
You're a humbug, sir. MR. PICKWICK.
Brooks of Sheffield. MR. MURDSTONE.
I'm a devil, I'm a devil. GRIP.
She's a rum'un is nature. MR. SQUEERS.
A new heart for the New Year. TROTTY VECK.
Who deniges of it ? MRS. GAMP.
It's the seasonin' as does it. SAM WELLER.
He wos wery good to me, he wos. JO.
Now, six foot, come on. FRIENDLY WAITER.
Rum creeturs is women. DIRTY-FACED MAN.
Take everything on evidence. MR. JAGGERS.
A world of gammon and spinnage. MISS MOWCHER.
I scorn your words, minx. FANNY SQUEERS.
Which I meantersay. JOE GARGERY.
Now, what I want is facts. MR. GRADGRIND.
Thinking of the old 'un. MR. PEGGOTTY.
The Press is a mighty engine. MR. POTT.
This is the hend. FANNY SQUEERS.
It can't be tasted in a sip. DICK SWIVELLER.
A literary man—with a wooden leg. MR. BOFFIN.
Wait till the greens is off her mind. MR. BAGNET.
The wittles is up. BAILEY JUNIOR.
I'm a mother myself. MRS. CRUPP.
Never have a mission. MR. JELLYBY.
Shout with the largest. MR. PICKWICK.
I would scorn the haction. MRS. CLUPPINS.
A bachelor is a miserable wretch. MR. LILLYVICK.
Here's mysteries. MISS MIGGS.
You had better be careful, sir. MR. JUSTICE STARELEIGH.
A highflyer at fashion. MR. BOFFIN.
Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism. MRS. GENERAL.
Ain't I volatile ? MISS MOWCHER.
Not to put too fine a point upon it. MR. SNAGSBY.
You're a brimstone idiot. GRANDFATHER SMALLWEED.
Whatever the old girl says do, do it. MR. BAGNET.
Everythink goes contrairey with me. MRS. GUMMIDGE.
I was a gentleman once. NEWMAN NOGGS.
Make an effort. MRS. CHICK.
The wind's in the east. MR. JARNDYCE.
Overhaul your catechism. CAPTAIN CUTTLE.
Gone to the demnition bow-wows. MR. MANTALINI.
I wants to make your flesh creep. THE FAT BOY.
Waiting for something to turn up. MR. MICAWBER.
Put it down a we, my lord. TONY WELLER.
I know their tricks and their manners. JENNY WREN.
This is the right shop for morals. MR. SQUEERS.
When found, make a note of. CAPTAIN CUTTLE.
On the ram-page. JOE GARGERY.
I'll eat my head. MR. GRIMWIG.
He's chockfull of science. CAPTAIN CUTTLE.
The drama is gone, perfectly gone. MR. CURDLE.
You look about you. *That's* the grand thing. HERBERT POCKET.
Manners is manners, but still your elth's your elth. JOE GARGERY.
Hullo, my covey, what's the row ? ARTFUL DODGER.
My life is one dem'd horrid grind. MR. MANTALINI.
Get hold of portable property. WEMMICK.
Argeyment is a gift of Natur. JOHN WILLETT.
Is the old min friendly ? DICK SWIVELLER.

MR. J. W. T. LEY

As we go to press, we hear with great regret of the death, on the 21st August at the age of 64, of Mr. J. W. T. Ley, Honorary Secretary of the Fellowship 1904-9, and a Vice-President since 1920. An obituary notice will appear in the next number. We extend our deepest sympathy to his widow and son.

DICKENS'S SHADOW SHOW

By LEWIS HARRISON, F.R.S.A.

I

IN the good old days of my Victorian childhood there were two forms of entertainment, forerunners of the cinema, which have dwelt in my memory.

The first was the "Penny Reading," when the Vicar read to a (more or less) enthralled audience some work of (also more or less) merit and interest. How this species of enjoyment was developed and transcended by Charles Dickens everyone knows.

The Shadow Show was the other diversion. The performers, themselves unseen, were behind a white sheet and between it and a powerful light, so that their shadows were cast upon the screen. Much skill was needed on the part of actors and producer. Well managed, an excellent and amusing performance resulted. It was possible to accomplish much on the transparent curtain that could not be done upon the actual stage itself. A swordsman could most effectively run his adversary through without in the least incommoding him, and an angry termagant could empty a basin of gluey tapioca pudding over her husband without the victim being in any way inconvenienced. As Dickens glorified the Penny Reading into a magnificent and thrilling feast of laughter and tears, so, though he suspected it not, he achieved one of the greatest of all Shadow-shows. For that great book, *Hard Times*, is a Pantomime of Phantoms.

That "great book"? Yes; for although I do not love it as I do the other novels, I consider it to be a great literary and artistic triumph. It is quite unnecessarily apologised for by some Dickensians who proclaim it "Dickens's one failure." It is a success! no less a piece of artistry than *Copperfield*.

Hard Times is a greater achievement than it would otherwise be, since not a single character in it is real, but is only the ghost of some greater creation. Some are the foreshadowings of full-blooded beings. Others are ghosts of earlier personalities. Their very voices are echoes of other and richer voices from the past, or speak in proleptic tones words of those whose forerunners they are.

Let us marshal them in ghostly array. Who first shall peer through the horse-collar? Who, indeed, but the hero and heroine.

That raises the question: Who is the hero, and who the heroine, of *Hard Times*? There are two pairs of claimants, yet neither pair with any very valid claims to the titles.

First, then, Stephen Blackpool and Rachel. Poor Stephen is only the very pallid ghost of Ham Peggoty; and while we admire his rugged honesty, and deplore his sorrows, his is so joyless an existence, unrelieved by any gleam of humour, that we do not warm to him as we do to the hearty, good-humoured, though equally tragic, Yarmouth fisherman.

I am going to be very immoral, though not in such fashion as to bring a blush to the cheek of the young person, even though she be so susceptible as Miss Podsnap. If only Stephen had actually broken into the bank, broken Bitzer's head for him, and stolen a hundred and fifty of the best—which old Bounderby could well have afforded to lose—I should have liked him better! Surely he could have escaped safely with his Rachel to some foreign land? There he could have saved the life of some millionaire who had no encumbrances such as relatives. Once in possession of the fortune of the grateful Croesus, whom Dickens could have caused to depart this life at a convenient season, Stephen could have returned the sum forcibly borrowed,

together with a like sum in recognition of the accommodation ! But he just fades out of the picture, without the glory with which Ham made his exit. He has the high character of Ham, however, and we are forced to admire him. Dickens's indictment of that old-time Divorce Law, which was so unequal for rich and poor, was justified, and without doubt, played its part in the changing of it.

Rachel is but a sorrowful Harriet Carker, minus Harriet's education and her Mr. Morfin. The two women have the same gentle patience, and believing as I do that "thoughts are things," I am sure that certain ideas utilised in the presentation of Harriet Carker, were still floating in the author's mind when he evolved Rachel. Hers is a stronger spirit than most, and even rather overshadows Harriet. Perhaps she is the most substantial, or, shall I say, the least unsubstantial, figure in *Hard Times*. She is heroic, and could have been made the outstanding personage of the book.

Who are our other candidates for the rôle ? Who but Mr. and Mrs. Bounderby. They are the only legitimate love-birds apart from Stephen and Rachel. And the love of the latter pair, though innocent, was illicit.

II

Enter, then, Josiah and Louisa. Like Mr. Dombey, whom he resembles in his commerciality and in his love of power but in little else, old Bounderby wanted a presentable wife to preside at his table and over his household. Like him, too, he sought to domineer when things went wrong, and, copying his predecessor, tried to humble his wife by the presence of a masterful and prideful housekeeper. This was a rather favourite device of Dickens. You will recall that Mr. Murdstone used his sister to browbeat poor little Mrs. Copperfield "as was" into obedience.

Josiah Bounderby still exists. He is at the moment a town councillor in a borough well-known to some of us. He shows his superiority by being familiar and rude to everybody who doesn't suit him.

Dickens's Josiah, however, was no Dombey (in which Mrs. Chick would even him with Florence, I suppose!). Josiah Bounderby was like another Joey B., old Josh, that plain red herring with a hard roe, sir, J. Bagstock.

I do not despise or share the common contempt for the old Major, I must confess. I have come into fairly close touch with army men, from General to Bugler Boy, and I have found many of the Bagstock breed among them. Put them in a club after retirement on half pay, or whatever it is, and they are blustering, bullying, bellicose, and all that's objectionable with a B or any other letter. Boastful braggarts ; vain-glorious ; gluttonous ; self-seeking ; how their fellow-clubmen often loathe them ! Opinionated bores ! But let us not dismiss the Bagstock breed so summarily. Put them on the battlefield against your Hitlers, Mussolinis, Rommels, and they'll prove the Bagstock breed to be the true British bulldog type ; fighting to the last drop of their blood ; never conscious of defeat, so never beaten. And because they never speak of their real and often glorious achievements, but only boast and exaggerate almost imaginary exploits, we are apt to sneer at old Josh and his like. For the Bagstocks of to-day, as well as for men of finer calibre, let us be grateful ! Hats off to those grand old officers who, unable because of age to rejoin at their old rank, are content to do humbler yet equally noble work.

The Bounderby breed we can well spare. Josiah had the same sort of pride as had the Major, and like him was always boosting and puffing J.B. But since he could not boast of his high connections, he bragged of his low ones. If you are a psychologist you will perfectly

understand the reason. Some folk must have limelight. If they have no merit and no high connections they make a merit of their demerit and exalt themselves in their very degradation. To such, to be proven commonplace or mediocre, is humiliating. So in the failure of the much be-lauded " my friend Dombey, sir," Joey B. lost face. In the proving that he was respectable in origin and not disreputable, the other J.B. too, lost face. The Bounderbys of this world, though often good business men—not so much by reason of talent as of bounce—are insufferable bores and bounders. Josiah, like Mr. Gabriel Parsons (surely the least offensive of the clan) " mistook rudeness for honesty . . . Many besides Gabriel mistake bluntness for sincerity." Bounderby, however, didn't care a " demnition " whether he was thought sincere or not. He was just blunt and brutal, because he thought it signified power. He and the Major were supreme egoists and egotists.

Bounderby's wife doesn't move us to any emotion whatsoever. She just leaves us cold. We know she is only a puppet, made in the likeness of Lizzie Hexam, who is at least warm-blooded. Loo Bounderby was never intended to be a wife, and even after her freedom from J.B. Dickens has no future as wife and mother for her. She was never intended for sweetheart or wife. She was essentially a sister. The relationship of brother and sister is the one Dickens best understood, and he has given us notable examples in most of his works. Sometimes the twain are both bad, as witness the Murdstones, and Sampson and Sally Brass. We find examples of the good brother and good sister in Paul and Floy, the Pinches, Nicholas Nickleby and Kate. Good brother and bad sister Dickens practically declines to acknowledge, but in the reverse he excels. This latter state of affairs we find exemplified in Little Dorrit and Tip, Charlie Hexam and Lizzie, Tom and Loo Gradgrind.

In Tom and Louisa we see Charlie and Lizzie Hexam reflected. Like Lizzie, Louisa sacrifices herself nearly always to her bother's interests. Like Lizzie, Loo saw pictures in the fire. Unlike Lizzie, she did not realise that such sacrifice could become a form of selfishness, involving the sacrifice of others; also that it could be a curse instead of a blessing even to the object of her affection. Like a wise girl Lizzie refused to marry Bradley Headstone just to please her brother; but Loo married Mr. Bounderby simply to please her father and to make things easy for the " whelp." She really deserved to be miserable, sorry for her though we are.

This brother and sister affection is a reflection of Dickens's own family life, and is worthy of much closer examination than we have time to expend upon it at the moment. Few have equalled and none has surpassed Charles Dickens in depicting this tie.

III.

What of the villain ? That pallid study which afterwards developed into Henry Gowan, artist—James Harthouse (an anæmic James Steerforth, with a " whelp " instead of a " daisy " for hero-worshipper) is unworthy the dignity. Gowan *did* marry Pet, and that was worth living for, for Pet was really one of the few lovable Dickens girls. His description of her is in but a few words, yet how well the portrait is drawn. Harthouse, however, achieved nothing. He had all the indecision of Cousin Rick without his charm and amiability. Harthouse hadn't the gizzard to be a " willin."

But Mrs. Sparsit ! Ah, there I grant you we have a very pretty villainess. I adore Mrs. Sparsit (the wicked old marplot), though I'm glad she laddered her stockings and grazed her aristocratic conk through her nosey-parkering. But I love her because she was a Powler. My grandmother was a Powler. At least she was a de la Moth, and could

never forget it—nor allow anybody else to forget it. She was a grand old snob, in a kindly way, and Mrs. Sparsit was a grand old snob in an unkindly way. I'm a snob, too. I'm proud that I'm a de la Moth, a de Port, a St. John and a Fortescue, and that I have the right—the *right*, mark you—to the title Esquire; also that I have the right, moreover, to place the picture of a bar of iron with knobs on on my carriage door (had I a carriage still), and to cause my coachman to wear a sort of black cauliflower, yclept a cockade, in his top hat. So as a de Regis (I'd forgotten him !) I willingly kowtow to Mrs. Sparsit for her merit in being a Powler. Nevertheless the old dear was a feline, and a feminine canine, and I'm glad she had to return to old Lady Scadgers—a fattened Lady Tippins. Of course Mrs. S. was just the ghost of Mrs. Pipchin minus her bombazeen and the Peruvian mines. She was also a lesser Mrs. General, and the shade of "The Old Soldier" (Mrs. Markleham).

The bride's parents next claim our attention. Thomas Gradgrind was a mere study for the great Mr. Podsnap. Podsnap was a man of Fact—the fact that Great Britain is not America. Gradgrind was a man of facts. Podsnap was the finished picture; Gradgrind the charcoal outline.

Mrs. Gradgrind is a weak after-image of Mrs. Nickleby. She is the one really comic character (the Powler apart) in *Hard Times*. Her admonition to her children to "run away and be something-ological, at once," is real Dickens, and comparable with Mrs. Nickleby's suggestion that some agreement be made with old Mr. Snawley that young Mr. Snawley (or Slammons, or Smike) should have "fish twice a week, and a pudding twice, or a dumpling, or something of that sort."

Her death-bed, had Dickens not hurried over it (*Hard Times* alone, of all his novels, shows signs of impatience), would have been a little like that of old John Willett, and we should have expected her to "Go to the Ologies" as old John went to the "Salwanners." But the author was weary of her. Her colourlessness bored him. So, though he gives us just a touch of the grisly passing of Mrs. Skewton, he doesn't follow it up.

The bridegroom's widowed mother must be noticed. Mrs. Pegler was only good Mrs. Brown washed and brushed up and spoiled in the process. Mrs. Brown had an undutiful daughter; Mrs. Pegler an undutiful son. One mother was mercenary, the other self-sacrificing, but they are unfinished sketch and completed etching respectively.

IV

Of the lesser lights, Sissy Jupe is Esther Summerson's Charley. She is the only attractive girl in the book. Kidderminster and "the revolving Bailey" are one. E. W. B. Childers's conversational style—toward Mr. Bounderby anyway—is that of Rogue Riderhood toward his daughter. Mr. Jupe has no more real being, so far as the story is concerned, than has Mrs. Harris. We strongly suspect "there ain't no sich a person."

Slackbridge, though his oratorical style is that of Chadband, is a Roger Riderhood in his sneaking, underhand ways; his betrayal of Stephen is akin to Riderhood's denunciation of "Gaffer."

Miss Peecher's pet pupil finds her opposite number in the model Bitzer. The same model must have sat for certain characteristics of both "the lightest of porters," and the eminently respectable Mr. Littimer. M'Choakumchild is of the Bradley Headstone type of pedagogue; a type which the new science of psychology has caused largely to die out. He was practical, but not so practical as Mr. Squeers, who, having extracted from a student a definition of a horse scarcely

equal to that of Bitzer, sends him to gain a further knowledge of that friend of man by grooming him. Mr. M'C. did not teach ; he crammed. Squeers did teach, and was the better educationalist of the two !

Mr. Sleary was one of Dickens's charming asthmatics. Though in this respect of the Omer clan, he is really Vincent Crummles, half-resuscitated. Sleary was grandfather to a male Infant Phenomenon. Crummles was the father of the female I.P.

In Mrs. Blackpool we are not at all interested. She was what poor Nancy might have became, but without Nancy's excuses. Emma Gordon and Josephine Sleary might have been anybody or nobody and have their counterparts as walkers-on in various other tales.

V

A *great* novel ? Yes. A picture of sordid places and stodgy people whose loves and hates and commonplace lives do not thrill us overmuch, but a picture true to life. It is a book that makes us think, and makes us realise that life can be very commonplace and yet abound in tragedy and misery. A lesson that we ought to be—*must* be—interested in the unattractive dull people whom we meet, as well as in those who are attractive and brilliant.

The picture of a factory can be a great work of art, and we only expect blacks, greys, and dingy browns. Only a fool would complain that there are not seen gorgeous sunset and palms, and camels.

" What is terewth, my friends ? " If I should read a book of facts, factories and fools, and should say, " Lo, it is not a good book ; it hath no crystal fountains, no champagne and oysters, would that be terewth ? " And echoes answers, it would be dem'd foolishness.

Hard Times is a great book, the greater for being enacted entirely by phantoms. It is Charles Dickens's Shadow Show.

A BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE

By WALTER D. CHARLTON*

The transient years roll on, and soon
Are misted in Zellephoron ;
The grass, when seared by sun at noon,
Is not more dead than ages gone.

The fluted note of nightingale
For one short span makes glad the e'en,
Then on night's whispers joins the pale
Of treasured things that once have been.

The vine and violet have their day,
The primrose and the crocus flame ;
Like vanity they fade away—
Like vanity, leave but a name.

But as the flowering seasons be
So shall the blossoming buds be found.
More fragrant bloom is memory
That withers not on barren ground.

And on the ceaseless breeze of time
A fragrant memory comes to us—
A memory sacred, more sublime
Than marble-cold sarcophagus.

A memory cherished in our hearts
Of one who lit a lamp, that we
Might see the clearer, play our parts,
As taught in hallowed Galilee.

A memory dear of one who strove
To reconstruct on nobler plan,
Who with an urgent vigour drove
The pen that supplicated man.

A memory clear of one who sought
To stay the tyrants' scourging whips,
And through the mists of misery brought
A smile to young and wrinkled lips.

The note of nightingale may fade,
The blossoms wither 'ere they fall,
But threaded through our heart's brocade
Are memories celestial.

And while such thoughts about us be,
Bright'ning all our earthly span,
They breathe of immortality,
And scorn the soul of selfish man.

And, sweet as song of winging birds,
They smooth the flinty path we tread,
And from our lips they breathe the words :
" Immortal Dickens is not dead."

* Read at the Wellington, N.Z. Branch.

MR. ARTHUR WAUGH

It is with particular regret that we record the death in June last, at the age of 77, of Mr. Arthur Waugh, for over forty years connected with the famous publishing firm of Chapman and Hall, first as Managing Director, and later as Chairman of the company. But not this fact alone enshrines him in our memory, nor the fact that he was President of the Fellowship, 1909-10. He was the last of that little band of earnest men who helped to found the Dickens Fellowship and never wavered in their allegiance. He had already projected and edited the Biographical Edition when Matz began seriously to interest himself in establishing our society. He was a prominent figure on the platform at the inaugural meeting at Anderton's Hotel in October, 1902, and opened the proceedings by seconding the proposal of Hall Caine "that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald do take the Chair"; he also made an excellent speech and was elected among the first ten Vice-Presidents. At the first monthly meeting, also at Anderton's Hotel, on November 5th, 1902, after F. G. Kitton had lectured on "Dickens and his Illustrators." Mr. Waugh read the "Blissful" Chapter from *David Copperfield*. He would have taken a prominent part in the deliberations of the Council had he not been the head of the firm holding the copyright of all Dickens's works; for, as he once remarked to me, it was sufficient for Matz to be so prominently connected; there must never be any suggestion that the Fellowship was run for the benefit of Chapman and Hall. An admirable speaker of much grace and eloquence, he would have proved a valuable asset to the Fellowship. On September 2nd, 1905, he occupied the chair at the Conference of Branch Secretaries (the first of the very long series of successful Conferences) and made one of the most eloquent tributes to Dickens I have ever heard. On the creation in 1909 of the office of Life President for Henry F. Dickens, Mr. Waugh was induced to become President for the Year, being the first to hold that office. In this capacity he attended the Brighton Conference in 1910, and again enthralled the guests at the dinner with a most eloquent speech in proposing the Immortal Memory. In the Drood Trial, 1914, he took the part of Crisparkle and made an admirable parson.

The resignation of Matz from the firm of Chapman and Hall in 1921 made no difference whatever in the attitude of its Managing Director towards the Fellowship; I had this confirmed when I took over the editorship of *The Dickensian* in 1925; the whole of the resources of the firm in regard to blocks for illustrations, etc., were always at my disposal. Mr. Waugh's last work for Dickens was as one of the editors of the Nonesuch Edition, in 1937, and the last time I saw him, looking far from robust (he was a sufferer from chronic asthma) was at the Piccadilly Hotel in the summer of 1938 when the 877 original blocks for the illustrations were balloted for and distributed to the subscribers. An English gentleman: a true Dickensian, and a real good fellow, we salute him; our world is the poorer for his passing.

W. D.

GREENWICH TAVERNS

By G. W. YOUNGER, F.S.A.

I

THAT Dickens had a first-hand and intimate knowledge of Greenwich is evident from his writings, and one of his earliest experiences there must surely have been his visit to Greenwich fair, so graphically described in *Sketches by Boz*. No doubt he visited it on many subsequent occasions when acting as a reporter, and so following the human tide in search of "copy," enlisted the aid of the London Steamboat Co. and joined the throngs of holiday makers intent on enjoying a few hours in Greenwich Park, with the added inducement to sample the "tea and shrimps" so loudly vaunted by the respective touts intercepting them on their way to and from it.

A careful perusal of Dickens's letters and diaries between 1837 and 1869 reveals notes of fourteen occasions when he dined at Greenwich, sometimes as guest and sometimes as host, but there must surely have been many more unrecorded. Unfortunately only three houses are named, viz.: the Crown and Sceptre, the Trafalgar, and the Ship, representing five visits, leaving nine unaccounted for. The full list is as follows:

	Date	*Place*	*Occasion*
1.	1837, July.	Crown and Sceptre.	Literary Fund dinner.
2.	1838, Apl. 17	?	In company with Forster, Browne and Cruikshank. (The Trafalgar Tavern was opened about this date.)
3.	,, Dec. 10	?	Dinner with Browne.
4.	1842, July.	?	*Private* dinner to C.D. on his return from the U.S.A.
5.	,, Dec. 2	?	Lunched with Mitton.
6.	1843, May 8	?	Dinner with Stanfield, Macready and others.
7.	,, ,, 20	Trafalgar.	Dinner to John Black.
8.	1848, ,, 22	Crown and Sceptre.	Reunion dinner of the Theatrical Co. "at a cost of 25/- each."
9.	1850, June 6	?	Dinner with Leech and Stone and their Ladies.
10.	1851, July	?	In a letter to W. H. Wills, 16th July 1851, Dickens writes: "The cheque you have to pay to my account for the Greenwich dinner is £12 10*s.* 6*d.*" We have no record of what was the occasion.
11.	1853, May 12	Trafalgar.	Dinner for Felton. Mr. and Mrs. Stanfield and Peter Cunningham were invited.
12.	1857, ,, 31	(Probably the Ship.)	Dinner given by Russell. It was where Douglas Jerrold was taken ill and died eight days later.
13.	1868, Sept.	Ship.	Dinner.
14.	1869, July.	?	Dinner with Delane.

It will be noticed that nearly all these visits would seem to have been by water, seeing that only two were in winter (December). A study of the above seems to show that Dickens was acquainted with the Crown and Sceptre and the Trafalgar long before he visited the Ship in September 1868.

It will perhaps be convenient to give a list of the sites of the respective taverns, etc., on the Greenwich waterfront between *c.* 1832 and 1943, although it can hardly be taken as exhaustive.

The premises are given in a line going East from

Ship No. 3 (the latest).—Situate on the *West* side of King William Street and opened in 1854.

Ship No. 2.—Situate on the *East* side of King William Street. Built about 1842 on the site of the Torbay Public House, and then known as the "Ship Torbay Tavern." Demolished about 1853.

Ship No. 1 (the earliest).—Situate about 220 ft. East of the present entrance to the steamboat pier. The site had a frontage to the river of 35 ft. It was in existence before 1832 but was demolished about 1842 when Ship No. 2 was built.

The Old George and Trafalgar.—Situate at the western end of Crane Street where it joins Park Row. In 1837 the former was demolished and the Trafalgar erected on its site. Six adjoining cottages in line East were also pulled down, thus giving a greatly extended frontage.

Waterman's Arms and Yacht.—Date of erection unknown, but it was an old house, the name being derived probably from the pre-steamboat period when the river watermen carried most of the visitors to Greenwich. The name later was "Fubbs' Yacht," but this distinctive addition has been dropped for many years.

Three Crowns.—These premises were formerly the Harbour Master's house, on the East side of the draw dock at the foot of Eastney Street at the North-West end of High Bridge. When it was first licenced is unknown, but the licence was lost in 1914 and the premises demolished in about 1935.

Crown and Sceptre.—This was one of the most celebrated of the Whitebait houses, and, in many respects, a pioneer. It was here, probably, that some of the early important Whitebait dinners were held. The Curlew Rowing Club had its headquarters at the Crown and Sceptre for many years, but several years before its demolition (about 1930) they were transferred to the Yacht.

The present position appears to be that the Yacht is the only house now remaining, as the Trafalgar was converted into residential flats in 1938 and the Ship (No. 3) was destroyed on November 1st, 1940, by a German H.E. bomb.

II

It is not known exactly when the Ministerial Whitebait Dinners were transferred to Greenwich from Dagenham, but it was probably about 1815. The provision of suitable accommodation in the earlier years for the reception of Cabinet Ministers must have been a matter of considerable difficulty until the Trafalgar was built in 1837-38, after which the Ship Torbay followed (about 1842) with adequate accommodation of a suitable character. Prior to 1837, however, it is difficult to understand where these dinners could have been held, unless at the Crown and Sceptre. It may be added that the two Ships by no means had anything like a monopoly of the higher class custom, as has been asserted.

We know that the Trafalgar catered for high-class dinners because Lord Palmerston gave a Ministerial Whitebait Dinner there on August 8th, 1855, when the principal members of his Cabinet were present, including, be it noted, his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, the future Member for Greenwich. "Punch," of August 18th, published a cartoon by John Leech showing them on a verandah of the Trafalgar, the caption being "*In Vino Veritas.*" No doubt there were many other similar functions which could be ascertained by reference to the back files of the local journal, the "Kentish Mercury" (established in 1833), though its own records do not go back earlier than 1870. This means recourse to the B.M. Newspaper records at Colindale, unfortunately unavailable at the present time.

A further example of high-class custom may be instanced when the Coaching Club held its first assembly on June 22nd, 1871, and 22 coaches were driven to Greenwich and dinner taken at the Trafalgar. The President of the Club was the Duke of Beaufort and the Vice-President, Lord Carrington, later the Marquis of Lincolnshire, both well-known Whips.

The Hawke Room of the Trafalgar forming the background of Marcus Stone's illustration below

"The Wedding Dinner at Greenwich," illustrated by Marcus Stone for *Our Mutual Friend*

III.

We approach now a subject which has exercised many minds in the past, *i.e.* "Did Dickens show any obvious preference for one house as against another?" This may be dealt with, first, by a process of elimination and altering the question to "Was there any house for which he showed no particular preference?" the answer to which, obviously, is "The Ship," seeing that no mention of it is made until September, 1868, although it is possible it may have been there that the dinner given by Russell was held when Douglas Jerrold collapsed. Beyond this, the name of the Ship seems to be conspicuously absent from what definite records we have to work upon.

Dickens's first dinner visit to Greenwich seems to have been on July 1st, 1837, when he visited the Crown and Sceptre, the special occasion being the dinner of the Literary Fund when, no doubt, Forster was present: indeed Forster appears to have been something of an *habitué* of that particular tavern. This is indicated by a letter written to him by Dickens in 1842, from America, when he alludes playfully to the possibility of Forster being then at the Crown and Sceptre, "as it was Easter Monday!"

Analysing the particulars we have of the invitations to dinner given by Dickens, we find that on four occasions there was but one guest and three where they did not exceed four in number. It seems probable that most of these dinners were given at the Trafalgar and in the Hawke Room. A busy author has at times to discuss business and other matters with artists, journalists, etc., etc., so a jaunt down the river on a fine day in Spring or Summer and a fish dinner at Greenwich appear to have happily combined business with pleasure.

IV.

In *The Dickensian* (Spring Number, 1939, p. 125) attention was drawn to the striking resemblance between the Hawke Room of the Trafalgar and the background of Marcus Stone's illustration of the "Wedding Dinner at Greenwich" in *Our Mutual Friend*. Unfortunately, at the time, it was impossible to supply the necessary blocks to enable readers to make their own comparisons. As these are now available we return to this interesting subject more fully. If the accompanying photo of the Hawke Room, taken in 1935, be compared with the background of the Stone illustration already referred to, they will be found to be practically identical, after allowing for artistic license, because an artist does not reproduce like a camera but gives what he considers the general spirit, rather than making a slavish *copy*. In this connection reference may be made to his treatment of the curve of the bay window and the absence of the railings. It is known for certain, that Dickens was acquainted with the Trafalgar as far back as 1843, when he entertained John Black to dinner there. It follows, necessarily, that he must have been acquainted with the Hawke room, the most attractive one in the building for a small party. Whether the author or the artist suggested its use for staging the Wedding Dinner is relatively unimportant; all one can say, with certainty, is that the author provided the artist with his opportunity, of which he availed himself in a masterly manner by inventing Rumty!

The writer desires to express his obligation to the following gentlemen for valuable services rendered to him in connection with the preparation of this article. Firstly, our worthy editor; next, Mr. A. J. Ellis, M.A., F.S.A., of the British Museum; and last, but not least, Mr. A. W. Shenton, the Receiver and Agent of the Greenwich Hospital Estate.

NOTES TO *DAVID COPPERFIELD*

By T. W. HILL

(*Continued from page* 131)

Chapter XL.

1. ST. MARTIN'S . . . NO OPEN SPACE BEFORE IT. Maps of London before the laying out (1829-1841) of Trafalgar Square and the neighbourhood, show the church surrounded by streets of small houses (some with small—very small—gardens !).

Chapter XLI

1. GO TO INDIA. The Far East had a fascination for Dickens, as indeed it had for many folk in the nineteenth century : fortunes were supposed to be made quickly in those parts. Dickens sends Herbert Pocket, as well as Julia Mills, to India; Walter Gay, Arthur Clennam and Sophy Marigold to China; Micawber to Australia.

2. FRETFUL PORCUPINE. From Shakespeare :

" And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Hamlet, I, v.

3. WALK INTO PUTNEY. About six miles from Buckingham Street, say two hours' walk. No wonder David and Traddles wanted a glass of ale as " a gentle stimulant."

4. FICTITIOUS SNUFF-BOXES. It is not quite accurate to call those trick boxes fictitious, as, when the victim of the joke had got over his shock, he did find snuff in the box below.

5. MY LETTER IN HER HAND. It is curious that Dickens appears to have mixed up the Misses Spenlow in this chapter fraught as it is with David's impending fate. " The younger (Lavinia) . . . had my letter in her hand." Then later : " ' I beg pardon,' said Miss Clarissa, again glancing at my letter." And then still later : " Miss Lavinia turned my letter."

6. SHORT WHIST. Whist, introduced in the seventeenth century, was originally played nine-up. Early in the eighteenth century this was changed to ten-up. About 1785 the game was halved and the present scoring of five-up became known as Short Whist in distinction from the former scoring, which was known as Long Whist.

7. DAMASK NOSE. A sly allusion to " Twelfth Night," Act II, Scene 4 :

" Let concealment like a rose i' the bud
Feed on her damask cheek."

8. MINUETS AND MARCHES. The fashionable pianoforte pieces of the period. (So genteel !)

9. AROMATIC VINEGAR. A specific against headache or faintness, made from acetic acid flavoured with camphor, oil of cloves, cinnamon, and English lavender. Small pieces of sponge were soaked with it and kept in ornamental stoppered bottles. It would not have been of any use to Mrs. Crupp for her spazzums as it has to be sniffed and she liked to take her cures internally.

10. OUR HOUR IS THREE. The fashionable hour for the principal meal on Sunday at that time. In medieval times, indeed, until the latter part of the eighteenth century, dinner was taken at mid-day or soon after, as it still is with the middle and industrial classes. Among the professional classes and in society the dinner-hour, during the course of the nineteenth century, got later until it is now between seven and half-past eight o'clock. Dickens's own dinner-hour was about five or six o'clock, as can be seen from his letters. Serjeant Ballantine, writing of this period, says : " In the middle classes [to which he belonged] five o'clock was an ordinary dinner hour : and six o'clock was fashionable in the rare event of a party."

11. PLATE-WARMER. A large screen for the fire, often on wheels for the convenience of folding away, containing small cupboards for holding plates, dishes, etc.

12. FLY-CONVEYANCE. For this mode of transport see Chapter XIII, note 6.

Chapter XLII

1. WALNUT THERE TO BE CRACKED. It is to be hoped that, even in the least well-regulated households, the use of efficient nutcrackers is usual ;

cracking such a nut as a brazil nut leaves a nasty wound in the woodwork of the door. I know !

2. MAN IN THE SOUTH. This nursery rhyme is mentioned in *Dombey and Son*, the notes to which, by T. Kent Brumleigh, should be consulted, reference see page 38.

3. LAVENDER-COLOURED SILK. Lavender was the colour for great occasions probably from its association with the Louis Quatorze period in France when the colour of lavender prevailed and its scent was largely used in the toilet.

4. TURNPIKE. As Traddles lived at Castle Street, Holborn, and David lived at Highgate, the turnpike was probably Holborn Bars, which marked the termination of the City Liberties, and at which the City Tolls were collected. The site of the Bars is marked by two granite obelisks close to the end of Gray's Inn Road.

5. CREAM-COLOUR AND LIGHT BLUE. Men's costume for weddings still inclines to light tints, but is not quite so gorgeous as it was a hundred years ago.

CHAPTER XLIV

1. HONEY-MOON. This happy time is said to be so called from an old Teutonic custom of drinking mead (a fermented liquor made from honey) for thirty days after marriage. Attila the Hun is said to have died (A.D. 453) on his marriage night from an over-indulgence in this honey drink.

2. SHELL-JACKET. An undress military short tunic shaped over the hips to a point in front and at the back, fitting the wearer as closely as the shell of a shellfish fits its occupant.

3. PIQUET. An obsolete spelling of picket, a small detachment of troops fully equipped in readiness for immediate service.

4. EXCISE RETURNS . . . FOR PEPPER. In the Middle Ages pepper was one of the most costly spices. Until the abolition of most of the customs dues in the nineteenth century there was a heavy duty on it.

CHAPTER XLV

1. ITALIAN IRON. This term used to be applied to a goffering-iron. Hence the ridiculous comparison.

2. CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS FOR MAY-DAY. The first of May has from time immemorial been a gala-day in Britain ; one of the mummers, often a chimney-sweep, became "Jack-in-the-green," and the allusion to Mrs. Markleham's butterflies as a decoration for the bush of leaves covering the mummer is most apt.

3. MARPLOT. One who mars or spoils any scheme or plan a busybody. One of the characters in Mrs. Centlevre's comedy, "The Busy Body" (1709).

4. ST. ALPHAGE. Now usually spelt Alphege ; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1006-1012, martyred at Greenwich. Modern guide-books to Canterbury and Greenwich spell the name Alphege, but the form Alphage occurs in a topographical dictionary of 1833.

5. FOUNDED ON A ROCK. An allusion to the wise man mentioned in St. Matthew vii, 24, and St. Luke vi, 48.

CHAPTER XLVI

1. BROWN STUDY. This is a very old term for a mental state of vacuity that looks like deep thought, and is probably from the French whose equivalent is *reverie sombre*. Sombre and brun both mean dull or melancholy. Ben Jonson (1574-1637) knew it :

> "Faith, this brown study suits not with your black."
>
> "The Case is Altered," Act IV, Scene 1.

It is also used by William Congreve (1670-1729) :

> "Invention flags, his brain grows muddy
> And black despair succeeds brown study."
>
> "An Impossible Thing."

2. A STOCK OR A STONE. A very ancient colloquialism to express something lifeless and senseless. A stock is a block of wood.

3. PEARL OF SUCH PRICE. An allusion to the parable in St. Matthew xiii, 45-46 : "The kingdom of Heaven is like unto a merchant-man seeking goodly pearls : Who, when he found a pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

4. LURID LIGHT STILL HOVERED. This is a reminder that although the sun sets in the west, a reflected pink glow can often be seen in the east.

5. VAST CITY. In 1841 the population of London was under two millions. How would David have described the London of the present day ? Within the London County Council boundary there are more than six million souls, and the Metropolitan Police District (which includes some of the boroughs contiguous to the ever-growing city) comprises over eight and a half millions.

CHAPTER XLVII

1. OLD FERRY HOUSE. This must have been at the end of Horseferry Road. The ferry-house would be dilapidated as the ferry had fallen more and more out of use after Westminster Bridge was opened in 1750.

2. NEIGHBOURHOOD WAS A DREARY ONE. The description in the text is accurate for the period of the story. Millbank prison was commenced in 1799 but not completed till 1821 when a broad esplanade kept the river within bounds. As the prison was designed for the " separate system " calculated to reform offenders, it may be the prison that Dickens had in mind when he wrote Chapter LXI. Millbank prison was closed in 1890 and the Tate Gallery, opened in 1897, now occupies the site.

3. IRON BRIDGE. This could not be Waterloo Bridge, which was of stone, nor Lambeth Bridge, which was not opened till 1862. Moreover, " close to Millbank " seems to indicate Vauxhall Bridge, of which the superstructure was of iron supported on stone piers ; this was opened in 1816. The present bridge dates from 1906.

4. BELL OF ST. PAUL'S. The writer has often, from the top of Highgate Hill, heard St. Paul's (five miles away) strike the hour on a calm summer evening when the wind has been favourable.

5. DUCKS AND DRAKES. An ancient game (still practised) of throwing flat stones across water to see them rebound ; so, by analogy, to make ducks and drakes of money is to throw it away foolishly.

CHAPTER XLIX

1. LEMON-STUNNERS. One can only imagine that this poetic name intimated that these " acid drops " were so full of extra flavour that their effect was overwhelming. [Confectioners must allure their child patrons, and the writer remembers that seventy years ago he was tempted to purchase for a penny a sweetmeat labelled " hasty lunch " composed of two pieces of superimposed bits of coloured jelly simulating a poached egg.]

2. MOUNTEBANK. The original meaning of this word was a quack doctor who mounted on a bench (It., *banca*) to proclaim the virtues of the nostrums he had for sale. Hence the modern meaning : a charlatan, a humbug, or one who plays the fool.

3. SNUFFER-TRAY. Snuffers were scissor-like instruments for cutting off the burnt ends of the wick of the candle to prevent it smoking and forming a sooty lump in the flame. The tray was provided for the reception of the blackened ends of the burnt wick.

4. IMMORTAL EXCISEMAN. Robert Burns (1759-1796) was an excise officer from 1789 at a salary of £50 a year, afterwards raised to £90 in 1792. The occasion recalled in this chapter is that mentioned in Chapter XXVIII.

5. EACH IN HIS NARROW CELL. The quotation is from Gray's " Elegy in a Country Churchyard " (1750).

CHAPTER L

1. PIPE IN THE GARDEN. The custom of smoking indoors except in a room specially allocated for the purpose or in one's private room (and even there some men had to puff the smoke up the chimney) did not become common till quite late in the last century.

2. CAN YOU COME DIRECTLY ? Why did not David let his aunt know that he was going out ? He must have been gone for some hours for all to happen that is related at the end of the chapter, and while he was gone Dora was lying ill and might be worrying.

3. EMPTY COACH. That is hackney carriage. This and other references to hackney coaches, hackney chariots, etc., mean the carriages that plied for hire. Serjeant William Ballantine (1812-1886) recalls in his " Experiences " the London of his youth : " A machine called a hackney-coach, licensed to

carry six people, redolent of damp straw, driven by a still damper coachman, was the principal mode of locomotion. The driver was called a jarvey, a compliment paid to the class in consequence of one of them named Jarvis having been hanged. Middle-class people went in what was called a glass coach . . . it did not smell so much of straw as the hackney-coach and the driver . . . may have washed himself . . . an eminently respectable vehicle."

Chapter LI

1. BLUE SEA WITHOUT A TIDE. The Mediterranean, to which Mr. Peggoty refers, is usually called tideless, and in fact there is only a rise and fall of three and a half inches at most places, although in some of the narrow waters it may amount to about eighteen inches.

2. THREE SEPARATE VOLUMES. The custom long prevailed of publishing novels and works of fiction in three volumes, price £1 11*s.* 6*d.* The establishment of Circulating Libraries, of which Charles Edward Mudie (1818-1890) was the pioneer, killed the three volume novel in the eighties and nineties.

3. SAME SLOW HORSE. As David was at least twenty-four at this time and had first seen Barkis's horse when he was not more than eight, when the horse was "the laziest horse in the world" (Chapter III) that extraordinary animal was a good deal more than sixteen years old.

4. INTO THE HOUSE. See note 9 to Chapter III.

Chapter LII

1. RUSTY ARMOUR. The gauntlets and helm, surcoat, shield and sword-scabbard of the Black Prince have been hung above his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral since 1376, the year of his death. [The sword is said to have been abstracted from the scabbard by Oliver Cromwell.]

2. ALL FRIENDS ROUND ST. PAUL'S. "We're all friends here" is common form in secret meetings, and among conspirators, where speech may be unrestrained and frank. The introduction of "St. Paul's" may have reference to the legal associations of Doctors' Commons.

3. PLAYING BOOTY. That is joining a confederate so as to victimize a third person.

4. PROUD STOMACH. The Prayer Book version of Psalm CI, v. 6, reads: "Whoso hath also a proud look and high stomach; I will not suffer him."

5. IMMESHED. A now obsolete form of enmeshed, the usual word with the same meaning.

6. DWINDLE PEAK AND PINE. From Shakespeare.

> "Weary sev'n-nights nine times nine
> Shall he dwindle peak and pine."
>
> "Macbeth," Act I, Scene 3.

7. WORSE REMAINS BEHIND. This is from "Hamlet," Act III, Scene 4: "Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind."

8. NOT AT ALL TO HIS ADVANTAGE. A neat reversal of the usual form of advertisement for missing beneficiaries under a will: "If A.B. will apply to C.D. & Co. he will hear of something to his advantage."

9. FOR ENGLAND, HOME AND BEAUTY. This quotation from "The Death of Nelson" would not seem very apt unless Micawber used it.

10. VACANCY FOR A TENOR. Wilkins Micawber, Junior, was about nineteen, rather young for a tenor even with a remarkable head voice, of the quality that would be required in the cathedral choir.

11. DAVID. Although Miss Trotwood never called her nephew by any name other than Trotwood or Trot, she knew that Mr. Micawber would know him best by his baptismal name. So she made on this occasion what was, for a lady of so strong character, an extraordinary concession.

Chapter LIV

1. OUR BOAT IS ON THE SHORE. An adaptation from "Lines to Moore," by Lord Byron (1788-1824):

> "My boat is on the shore;
> And my bark is on the sea."

2. BILLS . . . INDEBTED TO THE JEWS. The origin of Bills of Exchange is usually attributed to the Jews and Lombards when banished from France and England in the thirteenth century; by the end of the fourteenth century

these financial conveniences had got into general use in all the commercial states of Europe.

3. ON TERMS WITH. A term is a limit or boundary and in the plural expresses relation or footing. Hence to be on terms means to establish relations (good or bad) after the boundary of intimacy is passed.

4. SHACKLES . . . ENTHRALLED HIM. Enthralled is here used in the original meaning of reduced to a state of slavery (*Cf.* thraldom) and not in its common figurative meaning of fascinated.

5. JURISDICTION IN THIS BAILIWICK. A bailiwick is properly a district within which a *bailiff* possesses jurisdiction. The *sheriff* acts as the King's *Bailiff* to preserve the King's rights within his bailiwick or county. (See Blackstone's "Commentaries," Book I, Chapter IX.)

6. NOW'S THE DAY AND NOW'S THE HOUR. This is a verse from "Bannockburn," by Robert Burns.

(To be concluded)

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

1. Who illustrated Dickens's first book?
2. What novel was Dickens's own favourite?
3. What was Dickens's first employment after leaving school?
4. What character turned the fortune of *The Pickwick Papers*?
5. At whose request was the end of *Great Expectations* altered?
6. What famous author applied to Dickens to illustrate *Pickwick*?
7. Which was the last book to be illustrated by "Phiz"?
8. What was the original title of *Barnaby Rudge*?
9. What was the fictional name of Dora as a grown woman?
10. When was the Dickens Fellowship founded?
11. In what book does the Circumlocution Office appear?
12. On what day was the hearing of the trial of Bardell *v.* Pickwick?
13. Where did Mary Hogarth die?
14. What was the name of the play (unacted) Dickens wrote for Macready?
15. Where can one see the table on which Dickens wrote the last lines of *Edwin Drood*?
16. What was the actual name of the artist "Phiz"?
17. How old was Dickens when he died?
18. What city gave the first public recognition of Dickens?
19. Where was "The Smallest Theatre in the World"?
20. What daily newspaper was edited by Dickens?
21. Where did Bob Sawyer give a party to Mr. Pickwick?
22. Who was the original of Squeers?
23. How many books of Dickens were illustrated by George Cruikshank?
24. Where is the manuscript of *Great Expectations*?
25. Name the town which invited Dickens to represent it in Parliament.
26. How long ago is it since Dickens died?
27. What is the original name of the house at Broadstairs now known as "Bleak House"?
28. Who was it who asked for more?
29. Who was Moses Pickwick?
30. Which was Dickens's favourite seaside resort?
31. With what other author did Dickens collaborate?
32. What was the signature Dickens used for his early published writings?
33. How many visits did Dickens pay to America?
34. What was the name of the raven in *Barnaby Rudge*?
35. Where did Dickens die?
36. How were the majority of Dickens's stories published?
37. What was the name of the prison to which Mr. Pickwick was taken?
38. How old was Dickens when he wrote *The Pickwick Papers*?
39. Who was the tailor of P. Toots Esquire?
40. Who was "the ornament of her sex."

(For Answers see page 204)

THE OLDEST DICKENS SOCIETY

THE Pickwick Bicycle Club, now in its seventy-third year, has elected Lord Kenilworth as president for the year.

All members are given a soubriquet on joining, and all the male characters in *Pickwick* are represented in the Club, which now has a waiting list. Lord Kenilworth is Mr. Wardle and in proposing his health, Herbert Goodwin (the retiring President) said: "I do not think there is any character in the Club who is so aptly described by the soubriquet he bears. I am sure we all join in wishing him a happy and successful year as President, with the especial hope that during that time he will be able to celebrate Victory, and Peace.

A donation of £250 was made by the Club to the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund.

HEAPS OF UMBLENESS

I'm a very umble person.

* * *

I hope I shall never be otherwise than umble.

* * *

I am well aware that I am the umblest person going.

* * *

We have much to be thankful for.

* * *

If that's all and it really isn't our umbleness that prevents you, will you come this evening?

* * *

Mother will be proud indeed, or she would be proud if it wasn't sinful.

* * *

My reading is hardly to be called study.

* * *

I am sure it's very kind of you to make the offer, but I'm much too umble to accept it.

* * *

Learning ain't for me. A person like myself had better not aspire.

* * *

I won't provoke my betters with knowledge, thank you.

* * *

We know our station and are thankful in it.

* * *

The umblest persons may be the instruments of good. I am glad to think I have been the instrument of good.

* * *

I wish you'd call me Uriah if you please: it's like old times.

* * *

How pleasant to be called Uriah spontaneously.

* * *

It's like the blowing of old breezes or the ringing of old bells to hear *you* say Uriah.

* * *

I am the umble instrument of umbly serving him, and he puts me on an eminence I hardly could have hoped to reach.

* * *

I have risen from my umble station since first you used to address me . . . but I am umble still.

* * *

I have always overflowed towards you since the first moment I had the pleasure of beholding you in a pony-shay.

* * *

If you'll have the goodness to keep my secret and not, in general, to go against me, I shall take it as a particular favour.

* * *

It's such a relief, you can't think, to know that you understand our situation and are certain . . . not to go against me.

The moments slip away so in the confidence of old times.

* * *

Having such a knowledge of our umbleness, we must take care that we're not pushed to the wall by them as isn't umble.

* * *

You must put it into words. Oh, really! I couldn't myself.

* * *

Father got the monitor-medal by being umble. So did I.

* * *

"Be umble," said father, "and you'll do." And really it ain't done bad.

* * *

I am very umble at the present moment, but I've got a little power.

* * *

If I've gone a little beyond what you were prepared for, I can go back, I suppose. There's no harm done.

* * *

When a person loves, a person is a little jealous—leastways anxious to keep an eye on the beloved one.

* * *

You're so insinuating that you draw me like a corkscrew.

* * *

Though I am a lawyer, I mean, just at present, what I say.

* * *

I was very meek and umble—and I am.

* * *

I've had eyes in my ed, a pretty long time back. We umble ones have got eyes, mostly speaking, and we look out of 'em.

* * *

Now, I'm not going to let myself be run down . . . I don't mind acknowledging to you that I've got rather a grudging disposition.

* * *

I musn't be put upon, as an umble person, too much.

* * *

How can you make yourself so inferior to me as to shew such a bad spirit? But I forgive you. I do, and you can't help yourself . . . I'm determined to forgive you.

* * *

Things has changed since I was an umble clerk. But *I* am not changed.

* * *

I don't make myself to be a gentleman, though I never was in the streets.

* * *

Umble. I've umbled some of 'em for a pretty long time back, umble as I was.

* * *

Better be umble as you always was.

* * *

I forgive everybody. It would ill become me to bear malice.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED

We thank those readers who so readily responded to our request for certain back numbers of which we had unfortunately become depleted. If any reader has a spare copy of the special American Number (Winter 1941-42, No. 264) it will be equally welcomed at 23 St. Andrew's Road, Bedford.

SMALL FRY FOLK

TRIBUTES TO SOME OF THE LESS FAMOUS

By GRANVILLE GARLEY

MR. PIDGER

CERTAIN characters seem fated to slip into an undeserved obscurity; Mr. Pidger, the youthful (he was only about sixty) short-whist player is one of them. Apart from a fleeting mention in Mr. Bernard Darwin's "Pack Clouds Away," he has passed unnoticed for many years.

Yet he was a man who had a powerful influence on the fortunes of David's courtship of Dora Spenlow, and undoubtedly helped it to a successful conclusion. A man, therefore, to be remembered with affection.

The tragic death of Mr. Spenlow removed a serious obstacle to the hopes of an engagement, but Dora's aunts still remained. Fortunately the elder Miss Spenlow "was an authority in affairs of the heart," having been enamoured of Mr. Pidger many years previously, and she was able to view sympathetically the natural desires of youth. Without previous experience of the charm and dependability of the male sex as personified in Pidger it is doubtful whether the maiden ladies would have been so amiably disposed towards the young lovers.

It is rather sad to have to record that David himself was singularly unaware of all he owed to the long deceased gentleman and to note he believed Mr. Pidger to have been cut short "by overdrinking his constitution and overdoing an attempt to set it right again by swilling Bath water." In fact David was inclined to be facetious about Miss Lavinia's ancient romance and even about the personal appearance and habits of the gentleman concerned.

Mr. Pidger may have had a damask nose, but it cannot distract from the fact that he set up an ideal in the hearts of the two Miss Spenlows which influenced their whole lives. The pursuit of this ideal caused them to decide in favour of the marriage of their niece.

Let us, then, do homage to the memory of the pathetic Pidger, not in sobs, as did Miss Lavinia, but with a kindly smile.

MISS FERDINAND

THE majority of the characters in *Edwin Drood* have been cross-examined and dissected to such an alarming extent by would-be searchers after the truth that it is refreshing to recall one, who, so far, has escaped close attention. The high-spirited Miss Ferdinand has an interesting personality and on this account it is rather surprising to note how long she has enjoyed immunity from the glare of publicity.

A leading lady at the Nuns' House, she is remarkable as being one of the few persons connected with the Cloisterham scene, who has not yet been identified with that "white haired personage, with black eyebrows"—the celebrated Mr. Datchery. But worse guesses have been made at the identity of the enigmatic stranger.

In all deference to the splendid work of the late Mr. Cuming Walters, I suggest that Miss Helena Landless was not the only possible male impersonator in the district. It has been forgotten apparently that Miss Ferdinand got into trouble with the authorities for her life-like imitation of Neville Landless, "by surreptitiously clapping on a paper moustache at dinner time, and going through the motions of aiming a water bottle at Miss Giggles." A girl capable of suggesting a young man with the help of so slight a disguise would have had no difficulty in playing the part of an old gentleman, had she the necessary materials and inclination.

She had the right temperament too, as well as the ability. It will be recalled how "being apparently incorrigible," she defied the formidable Miss Twinkleton on several occasions in a very light hearted manner. Running risks came easily to her. Our author went out of his way to emphasise her daring, when "she even surprised the company with a sprightly solo on the comb-and-curlpaper."

Who knows, she may have surprised the company still more in later chapters of the book. I can think of no more unexpected ending to the mystery of mysteries than the sudden revelation that Dick Datchery was none other than one of the brightest ornaments of Miss Twinkleton's establishment—a young lady !

"Not a communicable idea but a very strong one, though difficult to work"—and difficult to believe too, I fear. I wonder how my fellow Droodists will react to this "very curious and new idea" ?

THE APPARITION AT MR. BAKER'S TRAP

Its appearance was accidental ; the author on his way to Wapping Workhouse became lost and found himself near some dark locks full of dirty water. Suddenly he was aware of "a creature remotely in the likeness of a young man, with a puffed sallow face, and a figure all dirty and shiny and slimy." This creature, as if it was the familiar spirit of the place, was brooding lovingly over the patch of water, known, after the local coroner, as "Mr. Baker's Trap." It was a favourite spot for suicides, particularly female suicides.

The apparition even seems to lose a little of its unsubstantial air as we make its further acquaintance, and we perceive in its reference to Bobbies and General Coves that it can be as sarcastic as any mortal. And it becomes offensively human too, when it remembers with indignation how many of the would-be victims of the Trap are restored to life at the neighbouring "werkiss."

Here we have the perfect setting for a ghostly story. The dismal background suggestive of half-told horrors, the unexpected transition from the real to the unreal, and the apparition itself "with a ghastly grin and a sound like gurgling water in its throat." What a pity our author only made it all incidental to his real purpose, a mere interlude on the way !

RELATIONSHIPS SOLVED

(*See page* 165.)

1, Son-in-law ; 2, Cousin ; 3, Father ; 4, Sister ; 5, Mother ; 6, Great-aunt ; 7, Daughter ; 8, Stepmother ; 9, Grand-daughter ; 10, Daughter ; 11, Brother ; 12, Niece ; 13, Sister ; 14, Son-in-law ; 15, Son ; 16, Father ; 17, Brother-in-law ; 18, None ; 19, Brother ; 20, Brother-in-law ; 21, Daughter ; 22, Father ; 23, Mother ; 24, Husband ; 25, Son ; 26, Mother ; 27, Sister ; 28, Wife ; 29, Uncle ; 30, Mother-in-law ; 31, Cousin ; 32, Niece ; 33, Father ; 34, Daughter-in-law ; 35, Son-in-law ; 36, Brother ; 37, Same person ; 38, Sister ; 39, Brother-in-law ; 40, Father-in-law ; 41, Cousin ; 42, Wife ; 43, Brother ; 44, Daughter ; 45, Daughter ; 46, Grand-daughter ; 47, Father ; 48, Nephew ; 49, Daughter ; 50, Husband.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 201

1, Cruikshank ; 2, *David Copperfield* ; 3, Lawyer's clerk ; 4, Sam Weller ; 5, Lord Lytton ; 6, Thackeray ; 7, *A Tale of Two Cities* ; 8, "Gabriel Vardon, the Locksmith of London" ; 9, Flora ; 10, October 6th, 1902 ; 11, *Little Dorrit* ; 12, St. Valentine's Day ; 13, At 48 Doughty Street ; 14, *The Lazy Tour* ; 15, In the Dickens House ; 16, Hablot Knight Browne ; 17, 58 years, 4 months ; 18, Edinburgh ; 19, At Tavistock House ; 20, "The Daily News" ; 21, Lant Street ; 22, William Shaw ; 23, Two ; 24, In Wisbech Museum ; 25, Reading ; 26, 73 years ; 27, Fort House ; 28, Oliver Twist ; 29, Proprietor of the Bath London coaches ; 30, Broadstairs ; 31, Wilkie Collins ; 32, Boz ; 33, Two ; 34, Grip ; 35, At Gad's Hill ; 36, In monthly numbers ; 37, The Fleet ; 38, 24 ; 39, Burgess & Co ; 40, Mrs. Quilp.

THE DICKENS FFLLOWSHIP ANNUAL CONFERENCE

THE fourth Annual Conference of The Dickens Fellowship to be held during the present war took place at The Friends' House, Euston Road, London, on July 3rd. Attendance was well up to war-time standards, and, bearing in mind present difficulties, a surprising number of Branches were represented.

The Inaugural Address by the Chairman, Mr. Leo Mason (Blackburn), was a most important one, emphasising Dickens's special and deep interest in the question of the housing of the people, a matter that is increasingly under discussion to-day in view of the wide opportunities that the post-war period will provide in this field and one in which The Dickens Fellowship might well play a great part.*

The Report of the Emergency Committee was read by the Hon. Secretary. It told of steady endeavour and difficulties successfully surmounted. Many Branches that had been quiescent since the outbreak of war were springing to life and activity once more. The year was also noteworthy for the founding of two new Branches in the U.S.A., at Maryville, Missouri, and at Marion, Ohio.

Again the outstanding feature of the year has been the continued flow of unsolicited funds from overseas for the relief of British children suffering in one way or another from the effects of enemy action. In the forefront of this work stands the Vancouver Branch, which has to date contributed no less than £190, and the Toronto Branch, which has sent £110. The secretaries of many British Branches have assisted in the distribution of these funds, in many cases making personal contact with the recipients. It has also been possible to assist the Children's War Relief Fund of The Society of Friends and two Homes for Blitzed Children which have been established in Bath. Furthermore the Vancouver Branch has sent valuable consignments of children's clothing to us; these have been distributed from Bedford in cities (having Branches of the Fellowship) which have been bombarded by the enemy. It was proposed and carried enthusiastically that the Hon. Secretary should send the special greetings and thanks of Conference to the Vancouver and Toronto Branches.

The accounts were presented by the Hon. Treasurer, who was able to give a very satisfactory report judged from a war-time standpoint. The Balance Sheets will appear in these pages in due course, when it will be seen that the Fellowship has borne its expenses out of income and that The Dickens House, thanks largely to The Friends of the Dickens House, is weathering the storm in fine fashion. It is sincerely hoped that Friends will maintain their splendid record.

The Hon. Editor dealt with the war-time difficulties of *The Dickensian* and highly deserved tributes were paid to him for the striking manner in which the quality of our unique journal has been maintained in the face of all obstacles.

The Emergency Committee was re-elected and acknowledgment of their work was cordially endorsed by the meeting.

The Book of Study for 1944-45 was decided, *Bleak House* being selected to follow *David Copperfield*, which was chosen by last year's Conference for the coming season.

Delegates from Bath, Blackburn, Cheltenham, Hatfield, Manchester, and Southend each spoke briefly on the war-time conduct of their Branches and told of considerable and useful activities.

Mr. Walter Dexter read Miss Bradby's stirring article, which appears

* This will be printed in the next number.—EDITOR.

on page 161 of this number, and made an appeal to the Fellowship to make this important matter a feature of their post-war activities.

Finally, a vote of thanks to the Chairman was proposed by Mr. J. H. McNulty, who paid eloquent tribute to the Chairman of the Council, who for four years now has undertaken the tiresome journey to London to preside at the Conferences and has on each occasion delivered most admirable addresses. The proposition was carried with hearty acclamation and the proceedings closed with Mr. Mason's acknowledgments.

Later, tea was served in the Dining Room at Euston Station.

L. C. S.

BOMBED BRITISH CHILDREN

Since our last acknowledgment in the Summer number of last year we have received £90 from the Vancouver Branch, £55 from the Toronto Branch, making up the totals mentioned in the above report. In addition, £16 has been received from the Winnipeg Branch to which we sent our most grateful thanks.

RAILWAY SIGNALS IN *OUR MUTUAL FRIEND*

A WRITER in "The Railway Gazette" recently returned to the subject of what has generally been considered as an error in *Our Mutual Friend*, Bk. 3, Chap. 9, in which it says, "The railway, at this point, knowingly shutting a green eye, and opening a red one, they had to run for it"; and later on referring to the train "clearing the stations all knowingly shutting up their green eyes, and opening their red ones when they prepared to let the boofer lady pass."

It has always been accepted that Dickens was in error, but the well-known railway historian, Mr. G. A. Sekon, in a letter in reply, says "Dickens was correct in both his references. In the first quotation the change from green to red was made because the train had arrived, and the home signal light, turned from green to red, so fulfilled its object as a danger signal to a train following the one in the station. The signal was not a starting signal for the train. The second quotation may refer to a train not stopping at a station, when the signal may have been put to danger, as the train ran through. It would have been more precise if Dickens had written "as the train passed" instead of "when they prepared to let the boofer lady pass"—but not so romantic. "The type of signal described in *Our Mutual Friend* was in operation on the L.C. & D.R. at Margate station, and doubtless at many other stations, up to about 1880."

Mr. T. S. Lascelles, another authority, and well known to our readers, also contributed to the subject. In the course of a long and interesting letter printed in the issue of June 18th he says: "I believe it was often the practice of station staffs to put a signal to danger a short while before a train actually ran in, to serve as a warning to stragglers; the driver, of course, had sighted it in the off position, which was considered as sufficient for him. It appears to me likely that this is what Dickens had seen. . . . The putting to danger of the time interval signal allowed the lady—the 'boofer lady,' Johnny called her—to pass further on in safety, protected for a certain interval."

We are pleased to have so satisfactory an explanation of this little point.

ANSWERS TO FIFTY DOUBLE QUESTIONS

(*See page* 122 *Summer number*)

1, Jack (DS); 2, John (DS); 3, Dolly (BR); 4, Fanny (OMF); 5, Hiram (ED); 6, Octavius (SbB); 7, Edward (LD); 8, Matthew (NN); 9, Oscar (MC); 10, Charlotte (BH); 11, Lizzie (OMF); 12, Augustus (MC); 13, Martha (BR); 14, Jacob (CC); 15, Emma (BR); 16, Martha (PP); 17, John (OT); 18, Frank (PP); 19, William (BH); 20, Clara (GE); 21, Matilda (NN); 22, Lawrence (BH); 23, Anastasia (LD); 24, Susan (PP); 25 Molly (GE); 26, Richard (DC); 27, Nell (OCS); 28, Elijah (MC); 29, Edward (OT); 30, Robin (DS); 31, Betsey (PP); 32, Ginery (MC); 33, Charles, Edwin and Frank (NN); 34, Ninetta (NN); 35, Clarence (LD); 36, Matthew (BH); 37, Simon (SbB); 38, Ned (NN); 39, Horace (DC); 40, LaFayette (MC); 41, George (PP); 42, Parker (DS); 43, Betsey (OCS); 44, Nicodemus (SbB); 45, Flora (LD); 46, Melissa (OCS); 47, Mortimer (NN); 48, Geoffrey (BR); 49, Cyrus (MC); 50, Anthony (PP).

DICKENS QUOTATIONS FOR THE TIMES

SELECTED BY M. K. BRADBY

ANGLO-AMERICAN UNITY.

"Points of difference there have been, points of difference there are, points of difference there probably always will be between the two great peoples. But broadcast in England is sown the sentiment that those two peoples are essentially one, and that it rests with them jointly to uphold the great Anglo-Saxon race, and all its great achievements before the world."

Speech, New York, 1868.

PUNISHING THE ENEMY.

"Sir," says Captain Carton, "I am an English officer commanding English men. . . . Believing that I hold my commission by the allowance of God, and not that I have received it direct from the Devil, I shall certainly use it, with all avoidance of unnecessary suffering and with all merciful swiftness of execution, to exterminate these people from the face of the earth."

[*N.B.*—"These people" are "these villains" who "under their black flag have despoiled our countrymen of their property, burnt their homes, barbarously murdered them and their little children and worse than murdered their wives and daughters."]

The Perils of Certain English Prisoners, 1857.

EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED.

"If there ever was a time when any class could of itself do much for its own good, and for the welfare of Society—which I greatly doubt—that time is unquestionably past. It is in the fusion of different classes without confusion; in the bringing together of employers and employed; in the creating of a better common understanding among those whose interests are identical, who depend upon each other, who are vitally essential to each other, and who never can be in unnatural antagonism without deplorable results, that one of the chief principles of the Mechanics' Institution should consist."

Speech at Birmingham, 1853.

PACIFISM.

"Alas! It will not do, Bates. I too have thought upon the horrors of war, of the blessings of peace, and of the fatal distraction of men's minds from seeking them, by the roll of the drum and the thunder of the inexorable cannon. However, Bates, the world is not so far upon its course, yet, but that there are tyrants and oppressors left upon it, watchful to find Freedom weak that they may strike, and backed by great armies. . . . I tell Bates . . . that it is because I dread and hate the miseries of tyranny and war—that it is because I would not be soldier-ridden, nor have other men so—that I am not for the disarming of England, and cannot be a member of his Peace Society; admitting all his premises, but denying his conclusion."

"*Whole Hogs*," 1851, *Miscellaneous Papers*.

OUR DUTY TO THE SOLDIER.

"Any animated description of a modern battle, any private soldier's letter published in the newspapers, any page of the records of the Victoria Cross, will show that in the ranks of the army there exists under all disadvantages as fine a sense of duty as is to be found in any station on earth. Who doubts that if we all did our duty as faithfully as the soldier does his, this world would be a better place? There may be greater difficulties in our way than in the soldier's. Not disputed. But, let us at least do our duty towards *him*."

The Great Tasmania's Cargo, 1860, *Uncommercial Traveller*.

THE ROMANCE OF MACHINERY.

"Night and day the conquering engines rumbled at their distant work, or, advancing smoothly to their journey's end, and gliding like tame dragons into the allotted corners grooved out to the inch for their reception, stood bubbling and trembling there, making the walls quake, as if they were dilating with the secret knowledge of great powers yet unsuspected in them, and strong purposes not yet achieved."

Dombey and Son, Chap. XV, 1846.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WAISTCOATS

I was disappointed you did not label me as being of the Seattle Branch in printing my article on " Waistcoats " in the Spring number. I was hoping to get a little kudos for our branch, since we have really done a heroic job in keeping going. If you can find it in your capacity without straining your limitations too severely to connect " Waistcoats " with the Seattle Branch in your next issue, we should appreciate it. I really think we deserve a " hand " for once. Some of our older members are dropping out, but I think the Fellowship No. 128 can be kept going.

Will you kindly correct a mistake in the article, top of page 90. It was not Fang who wore the striped waistcoat, but the bluff and kindly old officer who interpreted for the inarticulate Oliver and revealed his name as Tom White.

FRANK FOSTER (Seattle).

[We are pleased to acquiesce in both requests ; but in regard to the first, the articles in *The Dickensian* are contributed by members of branches all over the world. We do not make a practice of mentioning the town in which the author resides, and have no desire to make any change in this respect.—EDITOR.]

THE NAME OF TUPMAN

Dickensians who are also " Janeites " may be interested to recall—as I was during a recent re-reading—that " people of the name of Tupman " are referred to in " Emma," some twenty years before that famous member of the Pickwick Club was introduced to a delighted reading public.

In Chapter 36, Mrs. Elton refers to " People of the name of Tupman, very lately settled there (in Maple Grove), and encumbered with many low connections, but giving themselves immense airs, and expecting to be on a footing with the old established families. . . . They came from Birmingham, which is not a place to promise much . . . I always say there is something direful in the sound : but nothing more is positively known of the Tupmans, though a good many things, I assure you, are suspected . . ."

From which description it seems unlikely that Miss Austen's Tupmans were related to the Pickwickian beau whose " youthful and jaunty air " as he walked along the Terrace at Richmond " rendered him the admiration of the numerous elderly ladies of single condition, who reside in the vicinity " !

JAMES N. DAWSON.

DICKENSIANA

" Dickens and Wiltshire." " Wiltshire Gazette," 21st January.

" Dickens and the D.N.B.", by W. H. J. " Notes and Queries," 13th February.

" Dickens at the Front " (illustrated). " Christian Science Monitor," 27th March.

" Dickens in Russia," by H. M. " The Age " (Melbourne), 3rd April.

" Dickens and Chatham," by Leo Barnard. " Chatham News," 16th April.

" Dickens and his Wife," by D. C. " Notes and Queries," 24th April.

" Our Final Report on David Copperfield," by J. V. McAree. " Toronto Globe and Mail," 7th May.

" Dickens Defended from Foul Attack," by J. V. McAree. " Toronto Globe and Mail," 22nd May.

" Dickens's Christmas Carol ; a Centenary," by R. D. Woodhall. " British Weekly," 24th June.